Bellefonte Republican.

Established in 1869.} "Let us see to it, that a Government of the People, for the People, and by the People, shall not perish from the Earth."---A. LINCOLN. {Terms: $2.00 per annum

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Bellefonte Republican.

EDWARD T. TUTEN, - - Editor.

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EDITORIAL BRIEFS.

"DILL'S HANDY Andy," is what the *Gazette and Bulletin* calls Curtin.

EDISON has a yearly income of nearly $60,000 from his patents.

CONNECTICUT Democrats have adopted a hard-money platform.

THE Republican State Convention of Massachusetts, last Wednesday nominated Hon. Thomas H. Talbot for Governor on first ballot.

A BRITISH Corporal of Her Majesty's army has been sentenced to fifteen years penal servitude for killing a Kaffir not actually under arms.

EX-SECRETARY of the Navy, Geo. Robeson, has been nominated by the Republicans for Congress from the Camden, N. J., district.

TRAINER MCCLURE rejoices at Curtin's nomination for Congress. This is accounted for because Aleck holds Andy under his thumb.

THE Greenbackers of the 17th district have nominated a farmer named Adams for Congress. His acceptation speech was on the Kearney order.

IT is about time that the missing bonds of ex-State Treasurer Bickel were hunted up. Mr. Quay, stir your stumps, and make matters lively on this question.

HAINES, of the Williamsport *Banner*, will never cease crowing over his winning a libel suit. He is yet able, however, to print libelous sayings about the Republicans of Lycoming county.

A YANKEE trick in cigars has just been played on our English cousins. American cigars were put on the English market at very low rates. They proved to be cabbage leaf and brown paper steeped in tobacco juice.

AT last Curtin and Jeff Davis stand on the same platform. The gew-gaw will play and the tom-tom sound while the South's "Washington" and the North's Johnson engage in a mutual embrace of filial affection.

EDWARD MCPHERSON, chief of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, has resigned to accept a position on the Philadelphia *Press*. Edward will do more for his country on the *Press* than as chief of the Engraving and Printing Department.

MR. CUMMIN, the people's candidate for Judge in Lycoming county, will be elected. This will be a triumph of the people over a ring of corrupt political tricksters, who have placed in nomination a man named Metzger, who has no reputation except that of a fair criminal lawyer.

CURTIN'S fall into law politics should prove a lesson to the present generation of Americans. Ten years ago he was the pride of the nation, and an honor to Pennsylvania; today he only carries with him the respect of a divided Democracy in his own county.

SENATOR MITCHELL is succeeded as U. S. Senator from Oregon by Hon. J. H. Slater. He said, in an interview, that he is not in sympathy with inflation, advocates the substitution of legal tender for National bank notes, opposes fiat money, and demands that the currency shall be on a coin basis.

ADMARAL PORTER is said to devote the proceeds of whatever writing he does for reviews or newspapers to clearing away the debt upon the naval monument to peace at Washington. He is now preparing for the *North American* an article on "Torpedoes." The Admiral himself drew the design for the monument, which cost $35,000.

National Nomination for Congress.

We have had little to say about the candidates of the National party in this county. One reason has been that from the first there were rumors that they would make some changes in the ticket, and then the ticket is so weak that it is likely to fall over of itself, without any help from those who do not profess to be its especial champions; then again many of the men are strangers to us, and we do not feel interest enough in the matter to hunt up their antecedents, and we hope we may not find it necessary as long as this campaign lasts. But last week the wise men of this new organization gathered in council at Bellefonte and put in nomination, or we might more properly say, recommended to the district for Congress, Seth H. Yocum, Esq., of this place. And, we understand further, that as they are a little short of good material to make congressmen out of, that Centre county's candidate is most likely to receive the district nomination.

It may seem a little strange, but it is nevertheless true, that Bellefonte has more statesmen to the square foot of territory than any other section of the State. The Democrats found here such bright and shining lights as P. Gray Meek, D. G. Bush, and Andrew G. Curtin. The Greenbackers have trotted out our friend Yocum, and the Republicans could, if they felt disposed, call upon a regiment of men, each one of whom would do honor to their constituency in the Congress of the Nation. Here is natural soil to grow congressmen, and see, Mr. Yocum is no sooner transplanted to this congenial soil and climate than he begins to grow, and in four years he becomes a Congressional candidate, and a good one—for he is a man of pleasing address, undoubted ability, and an upright, honorable gentleman. We advise any man in this broad Nation who desires notoriety of this sort to come to Bellefonte. We do not all succeed in attaining the goal of our ambition. Many of us are bottled-up politicians, like P. Gray Meek, with no popularity outside of our own county; but then we all have the blessed hope that some time we may succeed, and no one can predict where the lightning will strike. It looks just now as though it might strike Curtin, and that he may be elected to stay at home, among the people who *love him so well*, "beside these green mountains where the Alleghenies roll up their magnificent crests," with the people amongst whom he was born, where he has lived, and where, by the blessing of God, he hopes to die and be buried, and have reared over his resting place by the people of the nation of Centre county a magnificent monument, on which shall be inscribed in letters of gold: "Here lies 'Our Andy,' the greatest political renegade and Democratic reformer of his day; the man who had 'his heel on the neck of the Democracy,' and kept 'it there as long as he lived;' who secured for his friends, while Governor of Pennsylvania, fat contracts to furnish mules for the U. S. army, 'and d——d poor mules at that;' who, when he was first elected to the chief magistracy of this State, left Bellefonte without a dollar in his pocket, and came back, after four years of self-sacrifices in behalf of his afflicted country, with a million of dollars saved out of a five-thousand-dollar salary; the veteran soldier who fought with the pen, which is mightier than the sword, and shot off his chin with more telling effect than the heaviest ordnance; who fled from Harrisburg when the men of the South were said to be approaching with leaden bullet in their guns, and banners defiantly flying."

But to turn to our subject: The lightning in its course may hit our friend Yocum, and if it should, and he should be elected to leave us and spend his winters among the lawmakers, yet he cannot hope to make a record that shall render it possible to inscribe such a golden memorial on the monumental pile which shall mark the spot of his last resting place. Our friend is the laboring man's candidate; therefore he must go for a more equal divide. If his party secures the passage of a law to issue "fiat money," we know that the inherent goodness of his heart will prompt him to give us some; and all the poor people in Centre county will have their pockets full of "absolute money." If we should get into trouble and there should be a war during his term of office, he will permit his friends to keep all the profits they may make on their mule contracts, so that they will not be obliged to sell "d——d poor mules" in order to make an honest living profit out of the business. In short, Mr. Yocum would make an excellent congressman, if he were only a Republican, which he would be if it was not for the fact that he has become a little dazed by the soft money heresy. We think, however, when he comes to face the issue squarely, if, by any stretch of marvelous fortune he should be elected, he will modify his views upon this subject very materially, for at heart we believe him to be a thoroughly honest man. In his own business he has always been able to pay his debts, dollar for dollar, and we will not believe that he will ever consent that the republic should do less. But we digress. Andy might make it after all; or, what is still more likely in the present chaotic state of affairs, the Republican candidate will slip in between the two and carry off the honors.

A Few Hits at Andy.

Last week's *Watchman* shows clearly that Mr. Meek, its editor, feels very sore over his defeat for the Congressional nomination. Of course he will be whipped into supporting the Republican renegade with the threat that unless he does so, the Centre Hall *Reporter* will be removed to this place and made the official paper of the Democracy. This is a point for Mr. Meek to consider, as it is one of considerable financial interest to him, and yet we believe he should maintain the spirit of independence which he has asserted on former occasions. It is a matter of fact that Curtin's nomination was barely secured by the combined influence of the tail end of the judiciary, the Centre County Banking Company, and a lot of impecunious Democratic "bull-dozers." We fail to see wherein Curtin is popular in this county, when he resorted to such debasing influences to secure his nomination, and then only accomplished his ends by two more votes than were necessary. Below we present a few pungent paragraphs from last week's *Watchman*, which undoubtedly show which way the wind blows:

Why, bless your dear souls, these seem to be the Greeley times come back again.

"I'm fighting the Cameron Ring." And the "Cameron Ring" lifts up its hind foot to scratch its left ear, as if to say, "Is there a fly buzzing 'round there anywhere?"

We have for a long time been under the impression that Democratic necks were tired of being under Republican heels!

How consoling it must be to Democrats to know that their best and most honorable offices are given to men who have fought them for a whole life time.

Under such veteran Democrats as Ben Butler and Andy Curtin, the Democrats of Massachusetts and Pennsylvania will be sure to win tremendous victories. Everybody can remember the magnificent triumph we had under Horace Greeley, and Horace wasn't a circumstance to these other fellows.

Mr. Curtin says he is fighting the Cameron Ring. He has been doing that all his life, but the Camerons don't seem to mind it a bit.

Butler capturing the Massachusetts Democracy, and——— but we omit further comments until after the meeting of the Congressional conference of the XXth district.

There are hundreds of Democrats in Centre county to-day, who in view of the present disastrous situation of affairs in this Congressional district, feel like exclaiming with the last soldier of the old Guard at Waterloo—the gallant but indignant Cambronne—"*Merdu!*"

MANY of the best citizens of Philadelphia have petitioned the President to appoint a day of prayer in behalf of the yellow fever sufferers. All classes would no doubt join in the supplication.

A SEVERE storm swept over the Western part of Pennsylvania last week and damage to a large amount was the result.

The Situation of the Democracy.

Never before was there so bitter a personal contest between the Orvis and Meek wings of the Democracy of Centre county as has just terminated. Never before was the embittered feeling so hostile and deep between the friends of the respective wings as at present. For years there has been a contest for the mastery and leadership of the Democracy in Centre county between Meek and Judge Orvis, and the special supporters of Orvis. Meek, heretofore, has always come out of the struggle one ahead, and proved himself more than a match for the Judge, and has always wielded the sway of his power over the Democracy of Centre with as much absolutism as the Autocrat of the Russians sways his sceptre of imperial power over his subjects.

It was supposed by Meek that when Orvis was snugly provided with a Judgeship and seated upon the bench, that his hand in politics would cease, as the devious ways thereof would be rather inconsistent with the dignity of the judicial office and impartial administration of justice. But the sequel shows that although the Judge donned the judicial ermine, yet he did not doff the variegated coat of the politician, and still continued to strengthen his political following and array it in hostile attitude to Meek. After the crack of the whip by Democratic Ring-Master Wallace in favor of Curtin for Congress from this district, then it was that Orvis beheld a fine opportunity to increase his forces through the recruiting agency of Wallace, Dill & Co., and with Curtin as his battle cry, felt that he could embark into the contest in this county against Meek, with confidence that he would be able to achieve the victory over Meek he had been laboring so long and assiduously to obtain, but heretofore had been obliged to suffer ignominious defeat.

The candidates were put into the field. Meek, with his wonted personal keenness and tact, entered the list with mighty odds against him, almost singly and alone. Orvis, under the banner of Curtin, sustained by the Centre County Banking Co., the Pennsvalley Banking Co., at Centre Hall, the general approval of the First National Bank of Bellefonte, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company drafting its employes along the line of the B. E. V. R. R. into the service of Curtin, and with the use of Andy Dill's letters, and ably seconded by Maj. R. H. Foster, an exponent of civil service reform, made a terrible onslaught against Meekism in Centre county.

Meek, undaunted, drew the wires, wielded his old-time prestige, harrowed up a portion of Curtin's history that was not very palatable to the Democracy of Centre, and made a bold and active contest; but the corporations, banks and railroads, and the power of the Court, which, if statements be true, trailed the judicial ermine into beer saloons, pledging certain judicial action or refusing certain judicial action as an element of warfare in the contest, and the District Attorney, if statements be true, prostituting his office by guaranteeing immunity to criminals if they would join the Orvis forces, together with Civil Service Reformer Foster, of Harrisburg, and Andy Dill's letters, composed a power and combination of forces too great and potent for the doughty Knight of the Centre county Democracy. He who before had never known defeat in any contest in his native county, found himself overpowered, and was compelled to surrender his plume to his political enemies within the fold of the Democracy of Centre, to have it placed upon one who is scarcely known to be a Democrat, and even whose Democracy might be suspected were it not that it is always and upon all occasions vouched for by an exotic plant from Cuba's genial soil, who has so much of the Spaniard in him as to render it unhealthy for him to longer bask in the balmy sunshine of his native isle.

The contest was an unequal one, and the triumph of the Orvis wing was not a very signal one. Yet it is sufficient to give increased prestige and enable the Orvis, Curtin, Wallace, Dill and corporation wing to press with vigor on in their warfare against the doughty Knight of Centre's Democracy and force him to the wall and compel him to surrender on their own terms.

Meekism in Centre county must now be a thing of the past, unless he can make his power be felt in a way to show the honest, tried Democracy of Centre that it will not do to suffer their freedom of political action to be trammelled and controlled by Democratic ring-masters, Gubernatorial candidates, banks, corporations and civil service reform clerks without losing their prestige and independence as a party organization in the county.

If the Democracy of Centre cry out against carpet baggers in the South, why should they meekly submit to carpet-bag influence, in the shape of Dill, Wallace, banks and foreign railroad companies, to make a raid into the county and say who they shall and who they shall not nominate? If the Democracy of Centre are to obey the behests of foreign Democrats, then why try to maintain their party organization in the county? But, then, the Wallace ring is powerful, and his subjects must obey. It is so powerful that even Curtin, who carries away the Democratic Congressional honors of this district, can become its obedient servant, and serve in the harness of the Wallace-Dill ring without chafing, while he always was warring the Cameron ring.

We will see what the sequel will be. Whether the Democrats of Centre have enough manhood and independence to resent at the polls the gross outrage and insult heaped upon them in this recent political contest by outsiders and recent converts, is a question that will be answered at the ballot-box on the 5th of November next.

To Colored Voters.

The following is an extract from a letter that was addressed to the colored Republican voters of Lycoming county by E. Emory, Esq., formerly of Williamsport. Mr. Emory is now Porter-in-chief at the Bush House, Bellefonte. He is an intelligent man, and we hope he will exert a good influence over his race in this community. Here is his letter:

This election will largely determine whether the administration of affairs of the government shall remain in the hands of true friends of liberty and equality before the law, or pass over to the control of the party who for four years waged a relentless war to establish a slave-holders rebellion, thereby causing the bloody sacrifice of three hundred thousand of the lives of the true defenders of the Union, and the expenditure of three thousand millions of treasure and the desolation of peaceful homes all over this fair domain. We earnestly urge upon the voters of this city the necessity of supporting the principles of the Republican party, and voting for the candidates put in nomination. In my opinion the time has not yet come when we, as a part of the body politic, can afford to experiment in politics, for we are satisfied that all political privileges and immunities which we now possess, or which may come into our possession in the future, have and must come through the Republican party. * * * * * * * *

We advise unity of action and honesty of purpose, believing that in this we can secure the greatest number of voters. If there are in Lycoming, or in the city of Williamsport, colored men who are losing race-feeling, and are ready to doom their brethren in the south to slavery again, let such read the following and then, if their consciences impel them, let them vote the Democratic National-Greenback ticket. The Okalona (Miss.) *States* speaks thus fraternally fourteen years after the war:

No, the black man has no right under the sun to vote. He has never had the right. The ballot came into their possession by illegal means, and it must be taken from him.

This is southern sentiment to-day, and they say the black amendments were never ratified by the people of the south—never! They say they were rammed down their throats by Yankee devils at the point of the bayonet.

COMMUNIST COHEN, of Washington, D. C., attempted to raise a fight on Saturday last. With a mob of negroes he visited several places where men were at work. The unruly crowd was put to flight by a squad of police. The government has taken extra precautions against an attack on the U. S. Treasury.

THE village of Sherman City, Isabella county, Mich., was entirely swept away by a tornado on Thursday last. Only one house remained, and it was partially destroyed.

Newspaper Jottings.

—The Lancaster *Daily Intelligencer* is fifteen years old, and as rank a Democrat as ever.

—De Young, of the San Francisco *Chronicle*, has been "pulled" for libeling Senator Sargent and Congressman Page.

—The compositor who set up "$10,000" to read "$1,000," might have prevented his mistake by a little fourth ought.

—N. W. Ayer & Son's *American Journalist* reached us last week. It contains a very complete list of newspapers in different parts of the continent.

—The Tyrone *Herald* feels as "sassy" as a pet pig in its new building. Editor Jones has one of the completest establishment in central Pennsylvania and has a right to feel proud.

—After paying all the expenses incurred in getting up the late Printers' pic-nic, there remained a balance of $4.40, which was donated to the yellow fever relief fund of Altoona.

—C. B. Seeley, junior editor of the Jersey Shore *Herald*, overworked himself while the old block rusticated at Bedford Springs, and recently took a week's fishing and hunting for his health.

—The publisher of the Mount Washington newspaper secures his "power" at a minimum cost by printing the names of the ambitious young men among the summer boarders who do the most efficient work at the crank of the hand press.

—Journalistic courtesy is carried to extremes in some parts of the west. For instance a western editor thus alludes to a contemporary: "He is young yet, but he can sit at his desk and brush the cobwebs from the ceiling with his ears."

—Every newspaper man will appreciate the following from Mt. Holly N. J., *Mirror*, if no one else does: "Get your printing done where you please—it is your right—but please do not, after spending your money elsewhere, come to the MIRROR office begging free local notices. It isn't business. It isn't decent."

—Samuel W. Small, who struck a rich vein of humor as the "Old Si" of the Atlanta *Constitution*, has returned from Paris. He was secretary of the American commission at the exposition, and he says that this country stands fourth in the merit of its display, being excelled by England, Austria and Belgium.

—When a young man enters journalism, he weaves a spider's web of words around a fly of an idea. In time he learns to secure the fly without a web, and when he holds it up for inspection everybody can see just what it is. A good idea in a sea of words is like Venus with a linen duster on, buttoned up to the chin.—*Turners Falls Reporter.*

—Jacob Sallade, Esq., of Williamsport, sued the editor of the *Daily Banner* for libel. The injurious publication consisted in a charge that Sallade's vote or influence had been purchased for $3,000 in connection with some public improvement in Williamsport engineered by Peter Herdic. The jury acquitted the *Banner* man and Sallade had to pay the costs.

—A young man applied at the office of the New Haven *Union*, the other day, for a situation. "Have you ever had any experience as an editor?" inquired the Greenback newspaper man. "Well, no, not exactly," replied the ambitious aspirant, cautiously; "but I've been cowhided a number of times, have been married quite a while, have worn borrowed clothes for three years, and never had a cent of money, so I thought I might work in." He was engaged.

—Tyrust, of the Huntingdon *Globe*, admits that the Bell's Gap Railroad is admirably managed, but adds, "We don't want any more excursions over that road in ourn." Another fellow, from Newport, got badly scared, too, and took a paroxysmal fit as the train approached the high trestle below Point Look-out. He is the only person who agrees with Al., and these two lonesters will probably pic-nic, next year, under a peach tree, in their back yards.—*Osceola Reveille.*

Poetry.

THE HOUR OF DEATH.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to winter at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set—but,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own Death!

Day is for mortal care,
Eve for glad meeting round the joyous hearth,
Night for the dreams of sleep, the voice of prayer—
But all for thee, thou Mightiest of the Earth!

The banquet hath its hour,
Its feverish hour of mirth and song and wine;
There comes a day for Grief's o'erwhelming power,
A time for sober tears—but all are thine!

Youth and the opening rose
May look like things too glorious for decay,
And smile at thee!—but thou art not of those
That wait the ripen'd bloom to seize their prey!

Leaves have this time to fall,
And flowers to winter at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, oh, Death!

We know when moons shall wane,
When summer birds from far shall cross the sea,
When autumn's hue shall tinge the golden grain—
But who shall teach us when to look for thee?

Is it when spring's first gale
Comes forth to whisper where the violets lie?
Is it when roses in our paths grow pale?
They have one season—all are ours to die!

Thou art where billows foam,
Thou art where music melts upon the air;
Thou art around us in our peaceful home,
And the world calls us forth and thou art there!

Thou art where friend meets friend,
Beneath the shadow of the elm to rest;
Thou art where foe meets foe and trumpets rend
The skies and swords beat down the princely crest.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, oh, Death!

—*Mrs. Hemaas.*

Our Story Teller.

The Ghost in the Old Mill.

BY THE AUTHOR OF A "TERRIBLE NIGHT."

I am not, as a general rule, easily frightened. Especially has it ever been my nature to laugh to scorn all those who, in my presence, have declared that they believe in the realities of ghosts. And yet I have always listened attentively to ghost stories, thus proving, I imagine, that my disbelief in them was not so thorough after all. I remember well that when a small boy, I used to listen respectfully, and with great interest, to those which my grandmother told me; but, shocked her sense of propriety when at the conclusion I would laugh and say I didn't believe there were such things as ghosts. Then she would tell me that "seeing is believing."

As the years passed by and I grew up to manhood, my disbelief became more marked, and I would tell her I was afraid I would never see a ghost as long as I lived. Then grandmother would shake her head and say:

"You need never want to see one, my boy!"

The only reason that I can assign for not being afraid in the dark is that my parents never tried to frighten me by telling me that "the dark would catch me." In fact they never tried to make me afraid of anything they did not want me to do; and the consequence has been that, though naturally of a timid or excitable disposition, the number of times that I have been really frightened in my life can be counted on my fingers.

Once, when walking along a road after dark, I saw beside it a huge object that caused the hair to rise straight on my head. It was a large animal of some kind, I suppose and so I slipped along the fence on the opposite side of the road till I got well past it, and then ran for dear life.

The next morning I returned to the spot to see what kind of tracks it made, and was disgusted to find only a big log.

What puzzles me most was that I had frequently traveled that road and had never noticed it until that dark night.

On another occasion, when passing by the country graveyard not very far from my father's home, I began to think of things that I ought to have kept out of my mind.

I was going towards home, and had emerged from a heavy belt of timber in which there were wild animals—though none which were considered dangerous to man—and as I approached the city of the dead and the darkness had gathered around, the mischievous thought entered my head that some dangerous wild animal was following my footsteps. Glancing back I imagined I could see a dark object near the roadside. Then it was that I quickened my footsteps into a run; and it was when only near home and out of breath that I halted, and began to think how foolish it was to get so frightened at nothing.

These, however, were about the only times, when a boy, that I was frightened when there was really no danger; and I flatter myself that not many boys came off as well as that in the way of frights.

At the time of seeing the ghost in the old mill I was a full grown man and had entered upon the stern and unpoetical realities of life. Everybody believed that I was in love with the miller's daughter, and most people thought we would soon be married. Alas for me she did not seem to reciprocate my love, and I was forced to admire and love her as a rich treasure beyond my grasp. She was friendly and sisterly to me, but I felt convinced almost from the first that she cared nothing for me in the way I did for her. Perhaps she did not even know that I loved her; for she was a beauty and had so many admirers that she thought the homage I paid her was hers of a right, and meant nothing more than I was able to recognize and appreciate beauty and worth whenever I saw them.

Besides I was only a poor engineer, and why should she have thought that I really aspired for her hand.

Well do I remember the night I saw the ghost. The day had been cloudy, the air damp and rather disagreeable. As twilight grew into the darkness of the night, the dry leaves rustled in the wind with that noise which they can only make when the weather has been dry, followed by a damp air, and, probably, rain.

Several events had transpired that day, which were, as a whole, well calculated to shake one's nerves, though affording no great cause for excitement when taken separately.

One was that a man had been found dead on the railroad track, not far away that morning. All theories as to where he was killed and put on the track, or whether he had committed suicide, or was intoxicated and slept upon the track, and was thus run over, were accepted and rejected in turn as failing to account for all the known facts in the case. As the mystery concerning how he came to his death increased, the feverish excitement among the people became greater.

It was also just nine days before that a mad dog was killed near the mill; and the man with whom I boarded, having no dogs his residence seemed to be headquarters for all the dogs in the neighborhood after nightfall. They came in such numbers to search for stray bones and other eatables, that I began to doubt the economy of having no dogs upon the premises.

Then also there happened to be a vacant house not far from the mill, and the noise and prattle of children heard there so long seemed now to augment the deathlike silence that reigned around the premises. Somehow a nice, comfortable looking house, when deserted, always impresses me with a feeling of loneliness for which I cannot fully account.

Last, but by no means an insignificant item, I had heard that the former engineer of the mill was not expected to live many hours.

"What if his spirit should hover around the old stamping ground?"

This thought kept passing through my head as I lay upon the bed and vainly tried to sleep.

"What if he should go into the old mill to-night and look at the old engine which he once took so much pride in? What if he should wander through the mill all night?"

Somehow these thoughts occupied my mind to the exclusion of those every day ones that so gently waft me into the land of dreams.

I've often been told that nothing but the toothache could ever keep me from going to sleep and nothing but thunder could ever waken me before broad daylight. But on this peculiar night, although I tried hard to sleep, I heard the clock strike eleven without having been able to fall even into a doze.

Despairing of getting asleep I arose, went to the window and looked at the old mill. It was a dreary looking old building; just such a one thought I, as a ghost would be likely to haunt.

As I stood looking at the old mill a light suddenly appeared at the window.

It flashed up brightly for an instant and then quickly disappeared. As I stood watching the window I saw it again, and then my resolution was fixed to go down to the mill and see what it meant. Opening the door I peered into the darkness, half afraid to venture out. Just then I heard distinctly the snarling of a dog, and the door closed with a slam. It might have been a fitful gust of wind that closed it so suddenly, or it might have been a nervous twitch in my right arm.

"This will never do," thought I, and getting my trusty revolver I proceeded towards the mill. It is astonishing what a feeling of safety is inspired by the possession of firearms, even of a dark night when there are a hundred chances to one a person will not be able to use them in case of need.

After getting well away from the house, however, a hundred exciting thoughts took possession of my mind. Every leaf that rustled in the wind was a mad dog making straight for me; the grunting of a pig sounded like the deep low growling of a fierce bull dog, and the noise of a tom cat in the distance reminded me of what must be the wailing of a lost spirit!

As I gazed at the window and could see no more signs of a light, the thought occurred to me that the man who had murdered the man found on the railroad track was in the mill with a dark lantern counting his ill-gotten gains.

And then—strange that I hadn't thought of that before—I remembered of hearing many times that the mill was haunted.

But amid all these depressing thoughts the idea of retreating never entered my head. I had resolved to go to the mill and investigate the mystery of the light; and had I once thought of turning back it would have come to me in the light of a broken promise or a sacred trust betrayed. Though a singular idea, it has always seemed to me that a promise made to myself is as sacred and binding as one made to others, and so I soon found myself groping in the darkness of the old mill.

I had groped into every nook and corner near the window where I had seen the light, all the while expecting to feel a hand grasp my shoulder or a cold blade enter my body; when I heard, or thought I heard light footsteps on the floor over my head. Listening closely I could hear them distinctly, and then the cold chills ran up my back, extending to the roots of my hair!

Would I retreat? No! "I will meet death, but not dishonor!" was my thought while ascending the stairs. Arriving upon the main floor of the building, I beheld a figure in white.

"What are you doing here?" I demanded, in tones meant to be those of authority, but which were in this respect a miserable failure.

There was no reply.

"Speak or I'll fire," were my next words. Still the figure was silent.

For a moment I was at a loss what to do. But observing that the figure was moving from me, and fearing it might be a criminal and might escape I looked steadily at it and fired. It fell, and as it did so I heard a shriek, not the shriek of a man who might be a murderer or a thief, but that of a woman!

I rushed back to the house in an agony of suspense, shouting as I entered that I had committed a murder.

"When? where?" exclaimed the aroused inmates of the house.

"Down in the mill!" was my reply.

Speedily procuring a light they hastened thither and soon brought the bleeding form to the house.

"Who is it?" I asked, half suspecting even then who the victim was.

They looked at each other curiously and then at me. In an instant I knew that it was the miller's daughter. My head grew dizzy and then came a blank.

* * * * * *

They said I raved like a madman; that I wished I had never been born; that the earth might open and swallow me up, that it was too cruel a fate to kill the one I loved best on earth. They said I bent over her and told her of my hopeless love; that if I could only die for her it would be the richest boon I could ask. All this and a great deal more I must have said, from the time I lost consciousness till I seemed to have awakened from a long sleep, feeling very weak and helpless.

They told me that many days had elapsed since that sad occurrence, and that she was quite well, having after all received only a slight wound.

As soon as my strength would permit I went to see her, doubting somewhat as to the kind of reception I would receive. The family did not meet me with a scowl upon their faces, as I had half expected, but, on the contrary, received me with genuine hospitality and friendship.

It is not difficult to guess that the miller's daughter was a somnambulist; and that she finally consented to become my wife.

As to the light in the window, which was the cause of the unfortunate occurrence (if unfortunate it may be called), that is a very simple thing when once explained. Some boys, whose parents would not permit them to play cards at home, were engaged in this delightful recreation in the vacant house, when their light for a moment shone against the window at the mill, from which I saw it reflected.

A Snake in His Eye.

Last Thursday's Philadelphia *Times* contained the following account of a wonderful phenomenon: A heavy-built, lubberly, pale bay horse, now standing in a stable on Sansom street, and who looks as though he had all his life been compelled to the ignoble task of drawing a plow or a farm wagon, is attracting more curious attention just now than did Flora Temple or Goldsmith Maid in their palmiest days, or does Rarus with his wonderful record. Not only the common people, but the knowing ones who can talk "hoss" by the hour; not only veterinary surgeons, but learned physicians who have dipped deep into the mysteries of anatomy and have absorbed the medical lore not only of American colleges, but of the great universities of Germany, go to see him, and all say that they never saw anything like it before. There are no wonderful points of speed or endurance about the poor brute. He owes his distinction to his eye. The eye in itself is not a particularly eye, for it is cloudy, partly opaque and will eventually go blind. There is a snake in the eye. And the snake in itself is not a very wonderful snake, but how did it get in the horse's eye? That is the point that is puzzling the people and the "vets" and the big doctors. He is about three inches long, as big round as a pin, white in color, and without the aid of any artificial means he can be plainly seen, wriggling and twisting and swimming about within the ball of the eye, like a fish in an aquarium. Some of the veterinary surgeons who have examined the phenomenon content themselves with the theory that the horse swallowed the snake in drinking when it was a very small snake indeed, and that the creature gnawed his way through into a blood vessel and in the process of circulation finally landed in the horse's eye. But the physicians shake their heads at this theory.

WHAT AN OCCULIST SAID.

A very distingnished occulist, who objects to the use of his name, on account of a scruple caused by professional ethics, visited the animal. In answer to questions the attendant said that the horse, which is nine years old, was raised near Rochester, New York. The "snake" in his eye was discovered twenty-one weeks ago last Sunday. It was then considerably smaller than it is now, but there has been no perceptible increase in its size during the past five weeks. The physician made a critical examination of the eye and its inhabitant, which lasted several minutes, during which he said at intervals: "It is not a snake: It's a worm. It's a wonderful thing. I am very glad I have seen it. I can see its head now. I have never seen such a case before. I have seen the germ or embryo of a tape-worm in the human eye in Germany. That was a measle which got into the system through eating uncooked pork in whice the parastic existed, but horses don't eat pork."

When the examination was fully concluded and the visitors walked away, the Doctor talked learnedly about worms to the following effect: "There are four kinds of worms which are sometimes found in the human body, and I suppose in horses also. They are the long, round worm, the maw worm, the long tape worm and the broad tape worm. The worm in that horse's eye is not a tape worm, for they are made up of a series of joints, and nothing of that kind is perceptible here. I am inclined to think that it is the common long, long, round worm, which has a cylindrical body, tapering towards the extremities. They are generally from six to twelve iuches long and from two to three lines in thickness, This one has not had room to develop fully. The round worm is so prolific that its yearly production of ova may be taken at 60,000,000, or 160,000 daily. The ova escape in great numbers from the body through natural channels. Then they are consumed by other animals, particularly the hog, in the intestines of which they set free embryo, so constructed as to be able to perforate the coat of the bowels and make its way to its destained home in the muscles, areolar tissue or other parts of the animal. Here it is converted into a species of cysticercus—the trichina of the hog—which continues to dwell, probably harmlessly, in its birth-place until the death of the animal. It retains its vitality prepared for a further development when it finds a suitable place for its purpose, which it does find when the raw pork is taken into the stomach. This worm is very fond of migrating. It wanders through the external apertures, sometimes passing through the mouth or nose with severe vomiting or sneezing. It has been found in the pleural sac, the spleen, the kidney, the bladder, the muscles of the loin or neck, the spinal cord, the lung, the glottis, etc. If it could reach those places why not the eye? and if in man, why not in a horse?"

A DIFFERING DOCTOR.

Another eminent medical authority was then seen, whose specialty is worms. This gentleman differed with the conclusions of the former. In the first place he said that the origin of the common round worm is not known, but that it is certain that it is not the progenitor of the trichinae; that those parisities spring from a species of round worm not more than the twelfth of an inch long, that the common round worm confines its movements to the inestines, and that its egg is believed to hatch and reach maturity in the stomach or intestines of the animal, man or beast which happens to swallow it. This gentleman cited an instance of a round worm, peculiar to the horse, which was found in the anterior chamber of a horse's eye as far back as sixteen hundred and something. Other instances are on record, but they are very, very rare. How the worm gets there has never been satisfatorily determined. Then the doctor began to hurl authorities and worms at the luckless writer, literally deluging him in worms—worms thirty feet long, and worms not longer than a gemetrical point; worms in men, horses, dogs, sheep, chickens, ponds, pools, fish, fowl, the air, the sea and earth. He took down from a shelf a work on worms, by Diesing, the greatest authority on the subject that ever lived. It was written in Latin and said—but the writer fled, determined to let the doctors and the worm fight it out.

The Profane Parson.

A TALE IN FIVE CHAPTERS.

CHATER I.—Once upon a time, in the dark ages of the nineteenth century, there lived a gentleman who held a commission in the army.

CHAPTER II.—But he had serious scruples as to whether it was right or wrong to kill his fellow creatures at the bidding of others, or, in fact, whether it was not a crime to kill his fellow men at all.

CHAPTER III.—He decided that it *was* a crime, notwithstanding the glitter and tinsel thrown about the murderous profession; so he sold his commission and entered the Church, thinking that as he was an intelligent man, and not a mere machine, he might do more good to humanity in that line than in the other *line*.

CHAPTER IV.—One day, discoursing to a rustic congregation on the folly of using profane language, he told them that he himself was once guilty of the same folly, and addicted to the same vice, but that he had completely conquered the habit.

CHAPTER V.—A flying insect, hearing the boast, winked his eye at the congregation, and thought "I'll put him to the test." So, making a circuit round the gentleman's head, he lit upon his nose.

"See!" said the reverend gentleman; "here is an illustration. At one time I should have sworn awfully at this fly—but, look now." Raising his hand he said gently, "Go away, little fly; *go away.*" But the fly only tickled his nose the more.

The revered gentleman, raising his hand with some vehemence, made a grab at the offender; and, being successful, opened it to throw the insect from him him, when, in extreme disgust he exclaimed, "Why, d—n it, it's *a wasp!*"

Horror of the rustic congregation, failure of the illustration, and the end.

A great bore is he who talks at a great length about himself, when you have something to say about yourself.

Night in Cheyenne.

The town of Cheyenne is in Wyoming Territory, on the Union Pacific railroad, about 500 miles west of the Missouri, and is the principal point from which miners and others start for the Black Hills by stage. All the characteristic scenes and elements of frontier life are met at Cheyenne during the day, but at night the peculiar life of the border may be witnessed in all its varied phases. A correspondent says:

At night Cheyenne is a whirlpool of excitement, one hundred drinking and gambling saloons in full blast, brass bands clamoring through the streets, myriad lamps with their reflectors flashing their vivid rays through the dark shadows upon the palpitating mass of human beings surging through the wide avenues. McDaniel's Belle Union and other variety theatres open their yawning doorways to the stream of mortals flowing constantly in and out. The former is the prominent place; it consists of two spacious halls, handsomely arranged and ornamented, and contained in one building. The theatrical hall is resplendent with guady frescoed walls and ceiling, the brilliant colors and gilding being in keeping with the flashy tastes of the patrons. A range of twenty private boxes form a half oval above the extensive lower hall, where the performers, principally female singers, congregate during the intervals between the acts. The stage is of pretty large size, gayly decorated. General admission to the concert saloon, twenty-five cents, including a drink or cigar; up stairs, twenty-five cents extra. Every night the place is crowded with this mixed population, representing nearly all races—the tawny Indian in blanket, breech clout and leggings; the greasy Mexican, dark visaged and sullen; the Chinaman, childlike and bland; the negro, the Keunacka, and finally the white. Nearly all wear the regulation sombrero; buckskin suits, gayly ornamented with beads, are worn by many, but the majority are attired in the California drilling. Of course, everyone is armed with a six-shooter or bowie, and shooting or cutting scrapes are a frequent result of inebriated contention. The saloon is overflowed with waiter girls.

The gambling hall, like the rest in town, is run day and night, Sunday included, openly, and is attended and patronized by both sexes, old and young. The games operated are "faro," "keno," "roulette," "rouge et noir," "vingt un," "lansquenette," "freeze out" or "poker," and a number of other card games. The tables are constantly crowded, and money changes hands rapidly. This hall is equally as large as the theatre, and also trimmed up; it is connected with the other by three wide doorways. The gambling is done with "chips," which you receive in exchange for your cash. The stakes are limited from ten cents to $12.50 in faro. McDaniels' is generally considered a "square game," and liberally patronized. Some "brace" games are dealt in town, but by the professionals are avoided. Four "dance halls" are run in different parts of the town, and are well attended; but they are the most degraded of all the debauched dens.

Camp Carlin, a mile and a half, and Fort Russell, three miles north of the town, contribute something to its life. The soldiers seize every opportunity to come here, and are often seen in a very dissolute state. Every day and evening detailed squads are patrolling the streets in search of their stray comrades, and often they are obliged to transport them off in wagons.

"Them Feet."

For half an hour before the circus opened yesterday an anxious-looking middle-aged man was observed walking around nervously, as if he had a free ticket and was afraid the show was on the point of bursting up. When the ticket wagon opened he made a rush for it and bought a paste-board, but while on his way to the tent, ticket in hand, a woman dodged into the procession, seized him by the collar, and for half a minute the air seemed full of heels.

"Going to the circus, eh?" exclaimed the woman as she slammed him around. "Sneaked out the back way and made a bee-line for here, did you?"

"Let up on me—stop—for Heaven's sake! stop this disgraceful conduct!" she ejaculated as he tried to keep her at arm's length.

"Gentlemen," she said to the crowd, as she held up one foot and then the other—"see them shoes? I've worn 'em better nor a year, there hain't nothing left but heels and shoe-strings. All the children are just as bad off, and we don't have half enough to eat. That explains why I'm bouncing him—why I'll make his good-for-nothing heels break his good-for-nothing neck!"

They fell over a rope as she grasped him, and in the confusion he broke away, leaving the ticket on the ground. A boy handed it to her, and wiping the mud off her nose with her apron she said:

"I hain't seen no girafies, no clowns, nor snakes, nor hyenas for twenty-five years, and being this 'ere ticket is bought I'll walk in and view the gorgeousness, and the children shall come to-night if I have to pawn the wash-tub to raise the money!"—*Free Press.*

An Illinois man, a foresight worthy of a better cause, popped the question on a railroad train, and now the maiden is at a loss to decide as to which country she had better begin proceedings in for a breach of promise.

A Duel in a Balloon.

Perhaps the most remarkable duel ever fought was one which took place in 1808. Of course it happened in France, and, as usual, a woman was at the bottom of the difference. M. De Grandpre and M. Le Pique quarreled over a Mademoiselle Tirevit, of the Imperial Opera. They agreed upon a duel, and, so that the heat of their angry passions should not interfere with the polished elegance of the officer, they agreed to postpone it a month, and the lady agreed to bestow her smiles and blandishments on the survivor. They were to fight in the air. Two balloons were built alike. On the day appointed, combatants and seconds entered their respective balloons from the garden of Tuileries, amid a vast concourse of lookers-on. The gentlemen agreed to fire—not at each other, but at each other's balloon. So each was armed with a blunderbuss. At a given signal the ropes were cut. The wind was moderate, and the monsters of the air floated away about eighty yards apart. When about a half a mile from the earth a signal was given to fire. M. Pique fired but missed. M. Grandpre fired and sent a ball through his opponent's balloon, which at once collapsed, and descended with such rapidity that principal and second were dashed to pieces. De Grandpre continued on his aerial voyage, and safely landed twenty-one miles from Paris.

Seven Bullets in His Body.

The Atlanta *Constitution* says: "Some days ago a negro man named Lewis was shot while on his return to this city from Columbus, Georgia. Lewis received nine balls in his body, all of which were so buried in the flesh that none of them could be extracted. Dr. J. C. Perkins the city physician, who attended the wounded man, gave it as his opinion that he could not live. His belief was that mortification would take place in a few days and that the negro would die. Dr. Perkins has daily visited his patient and found him in the same condition. He now has strong hopes that Lewis will get through all right. On Wednesday last one of the bullets was extracted, and the following day another was taken out. Seven balls still remain in his body, some of which may be brought to the surface and taken out. This negro has shown powerful endurance. With this lead in him he is constantly up and walking about the house.

Humorous.

A good natured woman, comfortable in person and circumstances, and not a little vulgar, had apartments in a certain house in Tynemouth, and on the floor above was a lady in delicate health, of straightened circumstances, but of distinguished connections, as she proclaimed to the Tynemouth world. As Mrs. A. below was sitting down one day all alone to her midday dinner of roast goose it seemed to the good soul that even her enjoyment of so excellent a bird would be increased by participation with the solitary, sickly and ill-fed Mrs. B. above; she, therefore, cut some delicate slices from the breast and sent them up between two hot plates, accompanied by sage and onions and gravy, and her compliments, by the hands of Betty, the maid. There was an omnious, an awful pause of some duration, and then Betty came down again, paler, with the luncheon untouched between the two hot plates, and on the top of them a note which was to this effect, verbatim: "Mrs. B. will thank Mrs. A. to disseminate her goose in her own sphere."

"I now offer you a Rubens," said an auctioneer—"a perfect gem of genius—perhaps the finest painting that came from that master hand." There was no bid. The auctioneer passed the Rubens, and, taking up another picture, said: "Very well, gentlemen, I now offer you a Rembrandt of the same artist."

"You want to brake on this road, do you? Well, you can sit down there. We have no vacancy just at present; but we kill about two brakemen a day, and I dare say in a few minutes I shall hear of some one losing an arm or leg, and then you can have the job." The man thought he would not wait.

A witty clergyman, accosted by an old acquaintence by the name of Cobb, replied: "I don't know you, sir." "My name is Cobb, sir," rejoined the man, who was about half seas over. "Ah, sir," said the minister, "you have so much corn on that I did not see the cob."

They were fishing off the coast when the fair one of the party pointed to a ship in the distance and said: "George, what kind of a vessel is that?" He leaned over, stole a kiss from her, and answered calmly, "that's a fishing smack."

A story was told of a man who got very tipsy at a country house, was tarred and feathered and put to bed. He awoke, still tipsy, in the morning, reeled down to the looking glass and exclaimed, "Become a bird, by Jove!"

The *Towanda Enterprise* calls his wife Experience, because "Experience is a dear teacher." We generally call ours about 5 o'clock in the morning—to get up and build the fires.

As a frightened darkey, chased by an infuriated bull, neared the boundaries of the field, he enthusiastically exclaimed, "Millions for de de fence, but not one cent for de bull."

We have plenty of remedies for hard times, now give us one for hard cider.

Wasted Sympathy.

One of our readers sends us a communication in which he endeavors to advocate the "tramp's" interest, claiming that he is a tramp from necessity, not choice, and that hard times are the cause of these outcasts traveling through the country. We do not doubt that there are men hunting work in the country, but the genuine "tramp" is of another class. He was never known to accept work if he could possibly get along without it. It is a trick of their trade to ask for work, but they show the white feather when their request is granted. One of them called at the house of one of our readers, a few weeks ago, and asked for work. He was promptly told that he could have all the work he wanted. "I'll hire you by the month," said the farmer. "What wages do you expect?" The tramp considered a moment and then said he would rather hire by the day. "All right," was the respone, "I'll hire you by the day. How much do you want a day?" The tramp said he wouldn't work for less than ten shillings a day, to which the farmer at once agreed, and directed him to go into the house and wait till after dinner, when he could begin. A few minutes latter the "downtrodden outcast" picked up his bundle and "lit out," with the parting words, "Guess I'll not go to work just yet."

The Chicago *Times* recently noted, "as an indication of the desperate condition of the labor market," an occurrence which took place at the stock yards in that city. Six men applied for work at one of the packing houses, and were offered work at $1.50 per day, the regular price. They all refused, saying they would starve first.

We could give a thousand proofs of the assertion that tramps will not work if they can avoid it. They are lazy, shiftless vagabonds at the best, and any sympathy extended to them while they are "tramps" is all wasted. "Treating them well, reasoning with them, and trying to induce them to quit their vagabond life," as our correspondent recommends, is about played out among farmers who have had two or three years' experience with them. Such treatment only serves to foster the "tramp" spirit and increase the pest. We want the New Hampshire law in all the States, which makes begging by able-bodied men a crime punishable by imprisonment at hard work for a term not less than fifteen months.

We know these are hard times on laboring men, and we have no disposition to see them imposed upon. If legislation can make this condition better, we go in for such legislation. But by the term "laboring men," we do not include the class of men who will not work when they have an opportunity, but who are a constant annoyance and nuisance to the country at large.—*Practical Farmer.*

How to Propose.

Young men contemplating marriage have so frequently called upon us to advise them in the manner of popping the all-important question that at last we have concluded to give our opinion a brief airing once for all.

You will find it a comparatively easy matter to secure a wife if you will exercise care as to the time and place, with some little regard as to the manner. Never propose to a young lady after a hearty meal. The blood is needed to aid her digestion, and her imagination is chilled.

Nor should it come just before a meal, for the longings of an importune system conduce to anxiety and irritability, and the shock may prove hazardous. It would be better to select the evening, and generally after you have taken her to some entertainment. Her nerves are then apt to be stronger, and her mind may have already dwelt on the possibilities until she is perfectly prepared for the reality.

But never forget yourself so far as to propose on returning from a theatre. She will have the style and air of some actor before her mental vision, and you can't compare with the romance she throws over him. The best way is to invite her to some entertainment which you know she wants to attend, and then propose to her just as she is ready to start. This will be greatly to your advantage, for she will easily see that a rejection will upset an evening's amusement, and will largely influence her decision.

In the spring of the year you must remember that her system is undergoing a change, and there must be a change of scenery to excite her torpid imagination. Never risk a proposal in the house at this season. Take her for a drive over the worst possible road available. When at a distance from home convenient for the purpose, tell her frankly that she must consent or she will have to walk back. Nine times out of ten she will prefer to ride.

The summer possesses claims over other seasons, if natural advantages are judiciously applied. Strolls in the woods are efficacious, or losing one's way in a blackberry patch will bring a reasonable woman to terms. Never go fishing with a view to proposing. You can't avoid smelling a bait, a perfume inconsistent with love-making.

Camel Riding.

Mounting the camel is not difficult, but it has some sweet suprises for the novice. The camel lies on the ground with all his legs shut up under him like a jack-knife. You seat yourself on the broad saddle, and cross your legs in front of the pommel. Before you are ready something similar to a private earthquake begins under you. The camel raises his hind quarters suddenly and throws you over his neck; and before you recover from that he straightens up his knees and gives you a jerk over his tail; and while you are not at all certain what has happened, he begins to move off with that dislocated walk which sets you into a see-saw motion, a weaving backward and forward in the capacious saddle.

Not having a hinged back fit for this movement, you lash the beast with your koorbash to make him change his gait. He is nothing loth to do it, and at once starts into a high trot, which sends you a foot into the air at every step, bobs you from side to side, drives your backbone into your brain, and makes castinets of your teeth. When you have enough of it you pull up, and humbly inquire what is the heathen method of riding a dromedary. It is simple enough. Shake the loose halter rope (he has neither bridle nor bit) against his neck as you swing the whip, and the animal at once swings into an easy pace; that is, a pretty easy pace like that of a rocking horse. But everything depends upon the camel.

"How old are you?" asked a conductor of a little girl who was trying to ride on half fare. "I am nine at home, but in the cars I am only six and a half."

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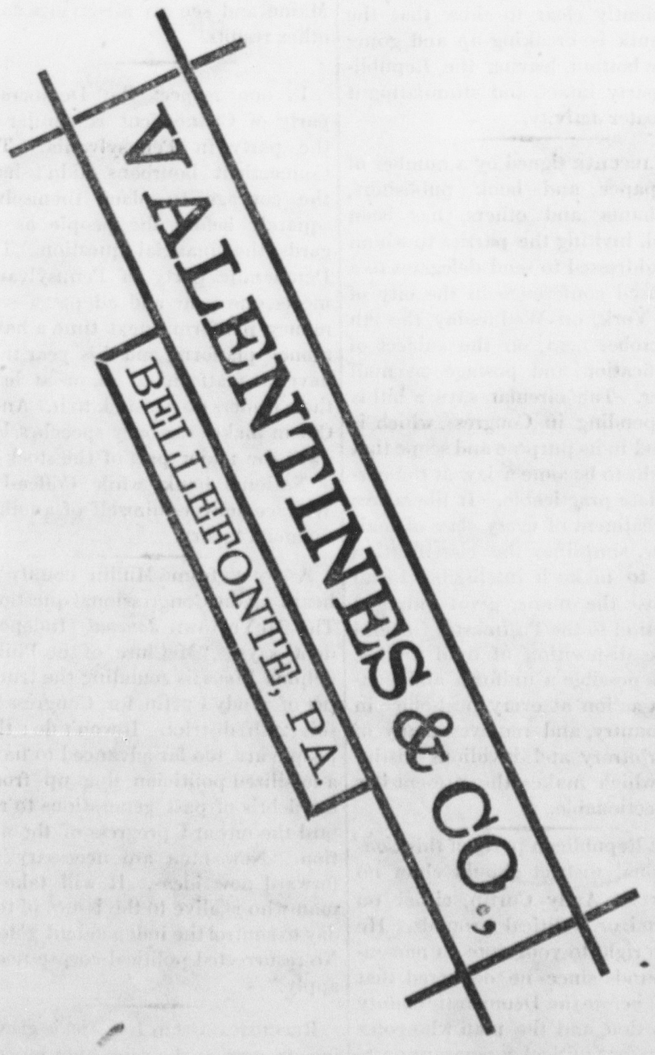

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	SUMMER.	
ERIE MAIL leaves	Philadelphia	11 55 p m
"	" Harrisburg	4 25 a m
"	" Williamsport	8 35 a m
"	" Lock Haven	9 40 a m
"	" Renovo	10 55 a m
"	arr at Erie	7 35 p m
NIAGARA EXP. leaves	Philadelphia	7 20 a m
"	" Harrisburg	10 50 a m
"	" Williamsport	2 20 p m
"	" Lock Haven	3 25 p m
"	arr at Renoo	4 40 p m
Passengers by this train arrive in Bellefonte at		4 35 p m
FAST LINE leaves	Philadelphia	11 45 a m
"	" Harrisburg	3 35 p m
"	" Williamsport	7 30 p m
"	arr at Lock Haven	8 40 p m
	EASTWARD.	
PACIFIC EXP. leaves	Lock Haven	6 40 a m
"	" Williamsport	7 14 a m
"	arr at Harrisburg	11 55 a m
"	" Philadelphia	3 45 p m
DAY EXP. leaves	Renovo	10 05 a m
"	" Lock Haven	11 20 a m
"	" Williamsport	12 40 p m
"	arr at Harrisburg	4 10 p m
"	" Philadelphia	7 20 p m
ERIE MAIL leaves	Renovo	8 35 p m
"	" Lock Haven	9 45 p m
"	" Williamsport	11 05 p m
"	arr at Harrisburg	2 45 a m
"	" Philadelphia	7 00 a m
FAST LINE leaves	Williamsport	12 35 a m
"	arr at Harrisburg	3 58 a m
"	" Philadelphia	7 35 a m
ACCO'M.	Leaves Renovo	7 55 a m
"	arr. at Lock Haven	10 40 a m

Erie Mail West, Niagara Express West, Lock Haven Accommodation West, and Day Express East, make close connections at Northumberland with L. & B. R. R. trains for Wilkesbarre and Scranton.

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Erie Mail West, Niagara Express West, and Day Express East, make close connection at Lock Haven with B. E. V. R. R. trains.

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WM. A. BALDWIN, *Gen'l Sup't.*

BALD EAGLE VALLEY RAILROAD.—Time Table December 31, 1877.

WESTWARD.	Exp. A. M.	Mail P. M.
Leave Lock Haven	5 25	3 25
Flemington	5 29	3 30
Mill Hall	5 33	3 33
Beech Creek	5 46	3 47
Eagleville	5 50	3 51
Howard	6 00	4 02
Mount Eagle	6 08	4 10
Curtin	6 13	4 16
Milesburg	6 23	4 25
Bellefonte	6 33	4 35
Milesburg	6 43	4 45
Snow Shoe Int	6 48	4 48
Unionville	6 58	4 58
Julian	7 09	5 10
Martha	7 18	5 21
Port Matilda	7 26	5 31
Hannah	7 34	5 40
Bald Eagle	7 48	5 53
Vail	7 53	5 58
East Tyrone	7 58	6 03
Arrive at Tyrone	8 05	6 19
EASTWARD.	P.M.	A.M.
Leave Tyrone	7 08	8 30
East Tyrone	7 15	8 37
Vail	7 19	8 42
Bald Eagle	7 23	8 47
Hannah	7 36	9 02
Port Matilda	7 44	9 11
Martha	7 52	9 20
Julian	8 01	9 30
Unionville	8 11	9 42
Snow Shoe Int	8 21	9 51
Milesburg	8 24	9 55
Bellefonte	8 32	9 03
Milesburg	8 45	10 15
Curtin	8 55	10 25
Mount Eagle	9 00	10 30
Howard	9 08	10 40
Eagleville	9 18	10 52
Beech Creek	9 22	10 57
Mill Hall	9 34	11 10
Flemington	9 37	11 14
Arrive at Lock Haven	9 42	11 18

BELLEFONTE & SNOW SHOE R. R.—Time Table in effect on and after Dec. 31, 1877.

Leaves Snow Shoe 7.30 a. m., arrives in Bellefonte 9.20 a. m.

Leaves Bellefonte 10.20 a. m., arrives at Snow Shoe 11.57 a. m.

Leaves Snow Shoe 2.42 p. m., arrives in Bellefonte 4.12 p. m.

Leaves Bellefonte 4.55 p. m., arrives Snow Shoe 6.27 p. m.

DANIEL RHOADS, *General Sup't.*

Miscellaneous.

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Bellefonte Republican.

BELLEFONTE, PA.

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EDWARD T. TUTEN.

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For Supreme Judge—JAMES P. STERRET.
For Lieut. Governor—CHAS. W. STONE.
For Secretary of Internal Affairs—AARON K. DUNKLE.

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Professing to be an honest man, the candidate of an honest organization, I favor honest money.

The volume of the currency should be regulated by legitimate demand, and not by the requirements of bankrupts and wild speculators.

The currency should be redeemable as early as the exigencies of the Government will permit, in the currency recognized by all civilized nations.

The contracts of the Government should be held as sacred as the contracts of individuals, and the bonds, the evidence of its indebtedness, should be paid according to the understanding between the Government and the lender.

—Speech at Butler, Sept. 2, 1878.

Republican Delegates.

The delegates to the Republican County Convention will meet in the Hoyt club room in Humes' block on Thursday afternoon at 1 o'clock P. M. to consult before going into convention at the Court House.

JNO. G. LOVE,
Chairman Co. Com.

SENATOR WALLACE is scared at the result in Maine, and his speech at Lock Haven confirms this theory. It was a hard-money harangue.

IF Curtin and McClure's official record were probed, we think there would be a large amount of political rottenness and corruption unearthed.

PRESIDENT HAYES has appointed George W. Watson receiver of public moneys for the district of lands subject to sale at Topeka, Kansas, vice H. Kelley, resigned.

GREENBACKERS should emigrate to Turkey if they want lots of paper money. The printing press is putting it out by the million, but you can't buy anything with it.

The Congressional conferees will meet to-day sometime. The Elk, Union and Mifflin county delegates did not arrive yesterday. The Senatorial conferees meet to-morrow.

SOME Republicans—and others, no doubt—interested in Curtin's election, are reporting that Robert Valentine will not accept a nomination for Congress. We have good authority for asserting that this is not true. Mr. Valentine is in the hands of his friends and will—as every true Republican should—do whatever is for the interest of his party and the right in the coming contest.

ON Tuesday of last week a lot of roughs, representing Ben Butler's interest in the Democracy of Massachusetts, met in convention at Worcester and put him on their ticket. The nomination was secured in a most disgraceful manner, and will result in a party split. It is the opinion of most people that Butler cannot be elected, as the better element of all political parties will combine to effect his defeat. The idea of a Democrat voting for Butler is simply rediculous.

Republican Candidates.

On to-morrow, (Thursday) the delegation chosen to represent the various districts in the County Convention, will meet for the purpose of nominating a county ticket. We have heard the names of the following persons mentioned in connection with the various offices:

For Assembly.—Dr. P. T. Musser, Aaronsburg; S. D. Gray, Bellefonte; C. S. Gramley, Rebersburg; Wm. Stewart, Snow Shoe; Robert Loyd, Philipsburg.

For Treasurer.—Daniel Hess, Harris; Geo. A. Bayard, Bellefonte; Isaac Mitchell, Bellefonte; Jas. Dunlap, Ferguson; P. W. Burket, Halfmoon; D. H. Parker, Philipsburg.

For Prothonotary.—Wm. P. Lucas, Howard; Claud L. Cook, Milesburg; Jas. T. Stewart, Harris.

For Register.—James Montgomery, Spring; M. M. Musser, Harris.

For Recorder.—C. P. Stoneroad, Snow Shoe; Thos. Dale, College.

For Commissioner.—Robert Kendell, College; George Taylor, Boggs; Andrew Gregg, Potter; George Boal, Potter; D. G. Ganoe, Taylor; S. H. Stover, Harris.

For Sheriff.—Capt. Austin Curtin, Boggs; David Glenn, Harris; Jas. Hunter, Walker; Isaac Lose, Bellefonte; Jacob Walker, Boggs.

For Auditor.—Wm. McFarlane, Harris; Isaac Mitchell, Bellefonte; P. B. Waddle, Patton.

For Coroner.—Dr. R. L. Dart, Bellefonte; Dr. J. Y. Dale, College; Dr. E. A. Russell, Union.

For Jury Commissioner.—George Swartz, Walker; J. H. Mitchell, College; Jos. Marshall, Benner; A. J. Swartz, Spring.

Any of the above named persons will suit us, or if the ticket is composed of as good persons not named on the list we shall be satisfied. We have no preference, and only ask of the members of the Convention that they give us a ticket composed of good men.

A MEMBER of the Cabinet, speaking of the official returns of the Maine election, said that it conclusively demonstrated that the work of disintegration in the Democratic ranks is going on, and that the cohesive force of prospective public plunder has not been sufficient to keep them together. He anticipates a similar result, so far as the Democrats are concerned, in Massachusetts. That a party without principle cannot succeed. A private dispatch received here says that public sentiment in Massachusetts is such that Butler cannot hold the Democrats together; that they will either vote for a candidate of their own or support the Republican candidate, but that the very fact of the existence of abnormal conditions rendering such a contest possible in the Democratic party is an indication sufficiently clear to show that the old hulk is breaking up and going to the bottom, leaving the Republican party intact, and stimulating it to greater activity.

A CIRCULAR signed by a number of newspaper and book publishers, merchants and others, has been issued, inviting the parties to whom it is addressed to send delegates to a proposed conference in the city of New York, on Wednesday, the 9th of October next, on the subject of classification and postage on mail matter. The circular says a bill is now pending in Congress, which is so good in its purpose and scope that it ought to become a law at the earliest date practicable. It liberalizes the treatment of every class of mail matter, simplifies the classification so as to make it intelligible to all who use the mails, gives enlarged discretion to the Postmaster General in the disposition of mail matter, makes possible a uniform and consistent action at every post-office in the country, and removes many of the arbitrary and invidious distintions which makes the present law so objectionable.

THE Republican party of this Congressional district should show no mercy to Andy Curtin, either on personal or political grounds. He has no right to your vote on personal grounds since he delivered that speech before the Democratic county convention, and the man who votes for him for political reasons supports a traitor to the party that gave him renown.

THE Utica *Observer*, Democratic, says, on the financial question: "There must be no surrender of the faith that was given us to keep. We must stand where we have stood these many years on this brave declaration: steady steps toward specie payments; no steps backward."

A Voice from the Capital Exclaims, "Andy, Rise to Thy Feet!"

Ex-Governor Curtin has openly declared his intention of going before the people on the pretext of reform, and he proposes to fight the present administration because he thinks it corrupt. The Harrisburg *Telegraph* says he dilates with all his peculiar forensic floridity on this allegation, meekly impressing those who listen to him that the evil of mal-administration is the cause of all the suffering of the people. Would it not be well for the gay and festive Andy to adjust his own affairs with history? If he has such abhorrence for mal-administration let him confess his own sins and repent, and not stand on the portals of the political temple striking himself on the breast and thanking God he is not like other men. And in the meantime let him explain the following pertinent epistle:

ATTORNEY GENERAL'S OFFICE, HARRISBURG, May 24, 1861.—*To Andrew G. Curtin, Governor of Pennsylvania:* For reasons which appeal to my self-respect, I cannot consent to continue any longer in connection with your administration.

I therefore tender you my resignation of the office of Attorney General of the State.

SAMUEL A. PURVIANCE.

And while he is engaged in explaining this will he be good enough to tell the people how much he received for placing his signature to Peter Herdic's boom bill?

Also, what was his "divie" in the repeal of the tonnage tax?

And what were his receipts from the profits in the tailor shop in the Girard House, at the beginning of the war?

Let us have a clearing up discussion, as apostles of reform like Dill and Curtin are now braying so loudly about corruption.

Answer, gentlemen, answer!

Democratic Conference.

The Democratic Judicial conferees met at 2 o'clock in the Brockerhoff House, and in fifteen minutes made a President Judge. Their speed is second only to that of Rarus, the famous trotter.

THE figures from Maine are all in, and the *Commercial* analyzes it: There were 125,706 votes cast this year, as against 101,191 last year. The Republicans received 56,419 this year as against 53,631 votes last year—a gain of nearly 3,000 votes. The Democrats received 27,872 this year as compared with 42,114 last year, showing a loss of 14,242. The Greenbackers had 41,404 this year. This simply shows that the Republicans held their own as to the aggregate vote—and of the increase of votes received one-eighth. It gave them 15,000 plurality, as against a plurality of 11,500 last year. The Greenbackers made their best move on the Legislative vote—but this aside, we have no trouble growing out of the Maine election. So we look at Maine and see no misgivings as to other results.

IN one respect the Democratic party of Connecticut is similar to the party in Pennsylvania. The Connecticut bourbons didn't have the courage to place themselves squarely before the people as regards the financial question. The Democratic party of Pennsylvania meets one year and adopts a soft-money platform; next time a hard-money platform, and this year they have no platform at all, or at least their leaders do not stick to it. Andy Curtin makes rag-baby speeches, but owns the major part of the stock in a National bank, while Coffee-Pot Wallace delivers himself of another financial theory.

A VOICE from Mifflin county is heard on the Congressional question. The McVeytown *Journal* (Independent) says: "McClure, of the Philadelphia *Times*, is sounding the trumpet of Andy Curtin for Congress in this (20th) district. It won't do; the people are too far advanced to have a fossilized politician dug up from the debris of past generations to retard the onward progress of the nation. New men are necessary to forward new ideas. It will take a man who is alive to the issues of the day to control the independent voter. No resurrected political corpse need apply."

REPUBLICANISM in Indiana is growing stronger as the campaign moves along. The Indianapolis *Journal* says the Republicans can beat both Democrats and Nationals, and that they can do it more thoroughly and completely when election time comes than now.

THE Butler Democratic ticket in Massachusetts is falling to pieces. Several of the nominees have resigned.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

FLEMING, Centre Co., Sept. 20, '78.

MR. EDITOR.—There has been much said from time to time by the professed friends of the poor man for office, and that the office ought to seek the man and not the man the office. This kind of twaddle has been thundered out from all points of the compass so much and so often that it falls upon the ear as an idle adage, and there it sinks to raise no more. But further comments on this point of the subject we will not offer at this late hour of the present campaign. The convention is at hand, and we, the Republicans of Unionville and Union township, have a man to offer as a candidate for the office of Sheriff, and that man is Hyram Patterson, a poor but worthy man, and for character and ability we are able to vouch. Mr. Patterson has not asked for the office of Sheriff or any other office. Now we ask of our Republican neighbors of Centre county to go with us and nominate a good, worthy, poor man for the office of Sheriff, and one who can command more votes outside of the party than any man in our ranks.

UNIONVILLE.

Additional Local Matters.

The Grangers' Picnic.

After a dusty tramp your "representative" arrived at the grounds selected by the Centre Grangers for their great "annual". And a good choice they seem to have made, for in most respects the fields and groves of the State College farm are admirably adapted to picnicing purposes. The college buildings were in gala dress for the occasion, the stars and stripes floating gayly from the lofty dome. The large rooms and corridors were already thronged with visitors making a thorough inspection of the edifice, determined on seeing all there was to be seen in the institution, that belonged to them and their state. Large numbers had now assembled, the little groups were fast becoming crowds, but still they came, until there appeared to be no end of the long lines of conveyances winding along the roads in every direction, so that by the time the exrcises commenced the place was so well filled that it would not comfortably hold more.

The artillery practice, which began the day, was conducted to the entire satisfaction of the spectators, the unprofessionals at least. The feminine shrieks which are generally expected to respond to the booming of the cannon, might have been louder but for the copious dust which greatly inconvenienced the opening of the ladies' mouths. When the smoke of the guns cleared away, the boys in gray were marshalled on the campus, and went through various military evolutions strictly, we suppose, according to Upton. The heat being very uncomfortable, (was there ever a military display when it was not either rainy, or broiling hot?) the people were lenient in their demands and the boys were soon permitted to leave the ranks and change their thick uniforms for more comfortable clothing. Entering the grove, we found it resonant with the cries of hucksters noisily vociferating the merits of their wares. They drove a thriving trade, the abundance of dust, which was often quite choking, the scarcity of water conveniently near, and the heat of the day, led many to cool their parching throats with the refreshments the various stands afforded.

Coming in sight of the speakers' stand, we were struck with the tastefulness of its decorations. They all were emblematic of the farmer's life. The inscription, "Welcome," in letters of grain heads, was especially fine in its construction. It plainly showed the work of a lady's hand. Before the stand were arranged a sufficient number of seats for a large assemblage, for more indeed than could hear the speakers, since their voices, except in a few instances, were distinctly audible at a short distance only.

Shortly after eleven, the meeting was opened by Pres. Calder, who invited the people to be seated. Upon motion, Col. Weaver was elected chairman, and Messrs. Campbell, of Mifflin Co., Stryker, of Huntingdon Co., and Spencer, of Clearfield Co., vice-chairmen. Messrs. Geo. Boal, of Potter, and Christian Dale, of Spring, were appointed Secretaries of the meeting. The Washington band was asked at this juncture to play, but no response being given, the Pine Grove band piped in reply. Prayer was then offered by Rev. Prideaux, of Huntingdon county, after which an address of welcome was delivered by President Calder. It was attentively listened to, and met with a hearty reception.

This address was pleasantly responded to by Leonard Rhone, Esq., after which Mr. Isaac Frain, of Marion township, made quite a lengthy speech, commendatory and congratulatory of the past course of the Grange.

At the close of Mr. Frain's speech, the chairman, with some pleasantries, adjourned the meeting until 2 p.m.

Then the picnic began in good earnest. The celerity with which the covers were whisked from baskets and boxes was indeed marvelous. Talk of Delmonico's or Epicurean feasts! If you want to see a dinner thoroughly enjoyed, go to a Farmers' picnic, where French is about as intelligible as Choctaw and *entrees* are unknown.

At one o'clock, a base ball match between the State College boys and a nine from Milesburg and this town, was commenced. The game was rather spiritless, and after dragging its weary length throughout the whole afternoon, finally resulted in a score of 25 to 15 in favor of the college club.

At the speakers' stand, the programme for the afternoon (not strictly adhered to however) was as follows: 1st, Music by the Zion band; 2d Centre Hall do.; 3d, State College glee club; 4th, Tusseyville band; 5th, address by Col. Piolette; 6th, Boalsburg band; 7th, Address by Gen. James A. Beaver; 8th, Pine Grove band; 9th, Washington band; 10th, Benediction.

There was also an address by Hon. J. W. Gillespie, of Jefferson county. His speech, read from manuscript, was the most polished of the day.

Col. Piolette made the speech of the day. He let his wit play, which was very pleasant and greatly enlivened the discourse. He is down on a system of transportation that confiscates the products of the farmer, but he did not wished to be considered a Communist. Speaking of last year's Pittsburg's riots, he said: "The people were hungry, desperate, enraged, and, in this condition, I tell you *they were not* responsible. I am that much of a Kearneyite."

Gen. Beaver followed. His theme was more particularly the educational questions as regards the better instruction of farmers' children in the public schools for their future work.

This, with a few short speeches, followed by music, finished the exercises at the stand. The rising dust and clattering hoofs betokened that the homeward march was well under way, but many were loth to leave, and the the sun had sunk behind the cloud-capped mountain before all had taken their departure.

The Patrons of Husbandry in this county may well feel proud of this grand success. They have great encouragement to repeat this harvest home, which they promise to do. Nor must it be forgotten that much is due to the inmates of the College, both teachers and pupils, for they greatly assisted.

AFRICANUS.

A Challenge.

The Lewistown *Democrat* is chagrinned because the Milesburg base ball club defeated a Mifflin county club. Last week it remarked: "The Milesburg base ballists are 'feeling their oats' because they defeated several rural clubs thereabouts, and lately the Milroy club, which last they pronounce a triumph over the 'crack club of Mifflin county.' Have they forgotten the name of the club that visited them a few years since from this county, and, after traveling all night in buggies, with only five of their regular nine and four scrubs, defeated them? The Independents have not played ball for several years, but we doubt not if the athletic young men of Milesburg could persuade our boys to take up the bat again, they (the Milesburgers) would receive a second reminder as to which is the 'crack' club of Mifflin county. Next week being Fair week, would be a good time for the return game."

Relief Fund Acknowledgement.

The following acknowledgement of the receipt of money sent by citizens of Bellefonte to the Yellow Fever sufferers has been received:

MEMPHIS, TENN., Sept. 19, 1878.

To MR. ISAAC MITCHELL, Bellefonte, Pa.

Dear Sir:—We return you our heartfelt thanks for your sympathy in this our hour of affliction, and pray that God may bless you for it. We enclose herewith a receipt for your donation, $260, received from the citizens of Bellefonte, which is hereby acknowledged.

Very gratefully yours,
JAMES H. SMITH, Secretary.

—The Jewish holiday called "Rosh Hashanah" occurring next Saturday, the undersigned merchants of Bellefonte take this method of notifying their friends and patrons that their stores and places of business will be closed from sundown Friday evening, 27th inst., until Saturday evening 28th inst.:

S. & A. LOEB, JOSEPH BROS. & Co,
J. NEWMAN, JR., I. GUGGENHEIMER,
LYON & Co.

—Newman has returned from the city, and just now his store is jammed full of fall and winter ready-made clothing. If you want to get a suit, your plan would be to go immediately, as they are selling like hot cakes.

—The Odd Fellows of Millheim will dedicate their new hall on Friday next. Several bands, a parade and a good dinner are on the programme.

To the Republican Committees of Centre County for 1878.

The success of this most important Campaign will depend upon the effective work of each township committee. If each township committee will see that the interests of the party are most effectively and thoroughly looked after and worked up, in its respective township, then there can be no question as to the successful result in the County. It is the province of each township committee to see that every Republican voter in its district is properly qualified to vote, by having taxes paid in time, and to have ample arrangements made by which every Republican vote will be polled. In the opening of this campaign I earnestly request, and expect to have, the hearty and active co-operation of each township committee. For successful work in the County, I am dependent upon you. If you fail to do the work that properly belongs to you, then my canvass and work in the County must fail, and the great principles of the Republican party may be compelled to surrender to the modern political heresies advocated by Communists, which, if triumphant, must lead to repudiation, anarchy, revolution, and finally, the destruction of our government.

There never was a time when true patriotism, honest judgment, and wise action were more needed in the exercise of the sovereignty of the masses than at present, in order to preserve and perpetuate our government against the resurrected doctrine of State Rights, again advocated by the South, and Communism, advocated and instigated by foreign powers and influence, that would rejoice to see the overthrow of our Republican institutions. By honest and earnest work, the banner of Republicanism must, as it has always in the past, come out of this contest crowned with victory. To achieve it we must work, and work without delay.

JOHN G. LOVE,
Chairman County Committee.

County Executive Committee.

The following named gentlemen constitute the Republican Executive Committee of Centre County for the year 1878:

JOHN G. LOVE, Chairman, Bellefonte.
JOHN I. RANKIN, Secretary, Bellefonte.

DISTRICT.	NAMES.	ADDRESS.
Bellefonte—N.W.,	E. M. Blanchard,	Bellefonte.
" —S.W.,	James I. McClure,	"
" —W.W.,	James H. Rankin,	"
Milesburg boro...	Claude Cook,	Milesburg
Howard boro.....	Joseph Royer,	Howard
Philipsb'g boro...	Hen Stockbridge,	Philipsb'rg
Unionville boro..	Dr. E A Russell,	Fleming
Benner twp	Capt C Dale,	Bellefonte
Boggs twp.....	Capt Austin Curtin,	Roland
Burnside twp.....	Dr M Stewart,	Moshannon
College twp.....	John Stewart, State	College
Curtin twp.....	John P Dehaas,	Howard
Ferg's'n twp, O.P.	Cyrus Goss,	Pine Gr've Mills
" N.P.	Wm E M'Williams,	R'ck Sp'g
Gregg twp.....	Dr J B Leitzell,	Spring Mills
Haines twp.....	J P Coburn,	Aaronsburg
Half Moon twp...	Harry C Love,	Loveville
Harris twp.....	Wm McFarlane,	Boalsburg
Howard twp.....	A Montgomery,	Howard
Huston twp.....	Jno C Henderson,	Jul'n Fur'ce
Liberty twp.....	D B Kunes,	Blanchard
Marion twp.....	Capt S H Bennison,	Walker
Miles twp.....	Reuben Grimm,	Madisonb'rg
Patton twp.....	R H Stine,	Buffalo Run
Penn twp.....	S D Musser,	Millheim
Potter twp, O. P.	Geo M Boal,	Centre Hall
" N. P.	W. J. Thompson,	Pott'rs M'lls
Rush twp.....	John A Mull,	Philipsburg
Snow Shoe twp...	Capt C P Stoneroad,	Sn'w Shoe
Spring twp.....	A V Miller,	Pleasant Gap
Taylor twp.....	D G Ganoe,	Olivia
Union twp.	R L Underwood,	Fleming
Walker twp.....	H C Snavely,	Nittany
Worth twp.....	Dr J G L Myers,	Port Matilda

VIGILANCE COMMITTEES.

BELLEFONTE—NORTH WARD.

NAMES.	POST-OFFICE.
E M Blanchard	Bellefonte
John I Rankin	do
John Irwin	do
George Wolf	do
Abe Valentine	do

Bellefonte—South Ward.

James I McClure	Bellefonte
John D Sourbeck	do
John Bartruff	do
Amos Mullen	do
John Rote	do
W S Wagner	do

Bellefonte—West Ward.

James H Rankin	Bellefonte
George A Bayard	do
S D Gray	do
R H Harris	do
Jesse Klinger	do
W H Guie	do

Milesburg Borough.

Claude Cook	Milesburg
J I Morris	do
Henry Ryman	do

Howard Borough.

Joseph Royer	Howard
Robert Cook Jr	do
Zachariah Wirick	do
Wm Neff	do
Irvin Chessman	do

Philipsburg Borough.

Henry Stockbridge	Philipsburg
Harry Simler	do
Robert M Musser	do
George H Zeigler	do
H H Hewitt	do

Unionville Borough.

Dr E A Russell	Fleming
Hiram Patterson	do
George Morrison	do
W H Van Valin	do
T E Greist	do

Benner Township.

Capt C Dale	Bellefonte
A D Swartz	do
Joseph Marshall	do
John P Seibert	do
George Thomas	do

Boggs Township.

Capt Austin Curtin	Roland
P H Haupt	Milesburg
Frank McCoy	do
Jacob Yarnell	do
George Taylor	do
Henry Heaton	do

Burnside Township.

Dr M Stewart	Moshannon
Capt Wm White	Pine Glenn
George Michaels	do
W S Loy	do

College Township.

John Stewart	State College
John Hamilton	do
Dr Theo S Christ	Lemont
George Dale	do
David Dale	do

Curtin Township.

John P Dehaas	Howard
Job W Packer	do
John A Dailey	do
J J Packer	do

Ferguson Township—Old Precinct.

Cyrus Goss	Pine Grove Mills
J G Hess	do
John Musser, Jr	do
H M Stover	do
Joseph Hoy	do

Ferguson Township—New Precinct.

Wm E McWilliams	Rock Springs
H C Campbell	do
J G Bailey	do
R H Ellenberger	Loveville
Mathias Rider	do

Gregg Township.

Dr J B Leitzell	Spring Mills
J D Long	do
J W Evans	do
W B Bitner	Penn Hall
David Hennick	do

Haines Township.

Jas P Coburn	Aaronsburg
Elijah Burd	do
M M Musser	do
Thomas Hosterman, Jr	Woodward
David Krape	do

Half Moon Township.

H C Love	Loveville
Joseph Branstetler	do
Robert Gray	Half Moon
W L Wilson	do
John Eves	do

Harris Township.

Wm McFarlane	Bealsburg
Col James P Stuart	do
Geo B Jack	do
W W Leech	do
Henry Keller	do

Howard Township.

A Montgomery	Howard
D W Schenck	do
Theophilus Pletcher	do
Wm Hannon	do
Jacob R Leathers	Mount Eagle

Huston Township.

John C Henderson	Julian
D W Kline	do
Wm Steel	do
John A Fugate	do
John S Thompson	Martha

Liberty Township.

D B Kunes	Blanchard
H A Snyder	do
Wm Kunes	do
John C Bechdel	do
Wm W Spangler	do

Marion Township.

Capt S H Bennison	Walker
Wm Irwin	do
R K Wilson	do
Robert McAlmont	do
J W Harper	Bellefonte

Miles Township.

Reuben Grim	Madisonburg
Thomas Stover	Wolf's Store
S M Spangler	Rebersburg
Harry Strohecker	do
John C Burket	do

Patton Township.

Robt H Stine	Buffalo Run
Thomas A Hartsock	do
John B Mattern	do
Wm I Furst	do
John F Smith	Fillmore
Col G Dorsey Green	do

Penn Township.

S D Musser	Millheim
J W Snook	do
Samuel Gutelius	do
John D Foote	do
O S McCurdy	do

Potter Township—Old Precinct.

Geo M Boal	Centre Hall
Andrew Gregg	do
W P Shope	do
David Rhinesmith	do
J W Fleming	Centre Hill

Potter Township—New Precinct.

W J Thompson	Potter's Mills
Edward Allison	do
B F Bitner	do
John McCoy, Jr.	do
Felix Burkholder, Jr.	Centre Hill

Rush Township.

John A Mull	Philipsburg
Geo B Simler	do
David H Chandler	Julian
James Duncan	Sandy Ridge
W K Miller	do

Snow Shoe Township.

Capt C P Stoneroad	Snow Shoe
M D Silknitter	do
Taylor Gunsallus	do
A G Crandall	do
J H Brown	Moshannon

Spring Township.

A V Miller	Pleasant Gap
Henry Eckenroth	do
Math Riddle	do
Harvey Griffith	Bellefonte
Thomas Fleming	do

Taylor Township.

Capt D G Ganoe	Olivia
Wm Miller	do
John W Morris	Fowler
John McCoy	do
John Weaver	do

Union Township.

R L Underwood	Fleming
Harvey Hoover	do
W T Irwin	do
B W Shipley	do
Owen Underwood	do

Walker Township.

H C Snavely	Nittany
Philip Walter	do
Adam Decker	do
Samuel Showers	do
T B Rupert	Zion

Worth Township.

Dr J G L Myers	Port Matilda
Alexander Cheney	do
A P Stephens	do
Thomas Weston	do
E K Jones	do

—In another column will be found an annoucement from our Jewish fellow-citizens, setting fourth that their places of business will be closed from sundown on Friday evening until Saturday evening. They will celebrate the Feast of Rosh Hashanah, or New Year's day. According to Jewish reckoning the year 5,639 commences at sundown Friday evening. Services will be held on Friday evening at 6½ o'clock and on Saturday morning at 8 o'clock.

—On Saturday last, while Mrs George Weaver, in company with several other ladies were taking a trip down Bald Eagle, an axle of the wagon broke, throwing her therefrom. Both bones of the left arm were fractured near the wrist joint, causing a painful wound. Dr. Potter set the broken bones, and the patient is recovering.

—Let the band play! Newman has returned with his cheap goods.

READING NOTICES.

Dr. Van Dyke's Sulphur Soap. Makes the skin Soft, Clear, Pure, White and Healthy! Is cleansing, deodorising, disinfecting, soothing, healing and purifying; removes dandruff, chafing, ulcers, sores, eruptions, roughness and redness of the skin; relieves itching, burning and stinging of the skin, and irritation of biting and stinging insects; will relieve Itching Piles where nothing else will have any effect; is free from all offensive odor, and prevents Contagious Diseases, and as an external medical and toilet preparation it has no equal. Price, 25 cts.; by mail, 35 cts. Box, 3 cakes, 60 cts.; by mail, 75 cts. Sold by druggists. E. S. WEBSTER, proprietor. Office, 50 N. 5th St., Philadelphia, Pa. Wholesale Depot, N. Third St., Phila., Pa. 9 28eow-1y

FRIEND A WORD WITH YOU! If you are troubled with any skin disease or other cutaneous irritation, use GLENN'S SULPHUR SOAP. Do likewise if your complexion be pimpled, blotched or sallow. You won't regret it. Sold by all Druggist. 36-4t.

HILL'S HAIR & WHISKER DYE, Black or Brown, 50c.

CURED OF DRIKING.—"A young friend of mine was cured of an insatiable thirst for liquor, that has so prostrated his system that he was unable to do any business. He was entirely cured by the use of Hop Bitters. It allayed all that burning thirst; took away the appetite for liquor; made his nerves steady, and he has remained a sober and steady man for more than two years, and has no desire to return to his cups, and I know of a number of others that have been cured of drinking by it."—From a leading R. R. Official, Chicago, Ill. 38-2t

S. & A. LOEB'S Space.

A LARGE STOCK

JUST ARRIVING AT

Unprecedentedly LOW Prices!!

Have no time to enumerate.

PARTICULARS NEXT WEEK.

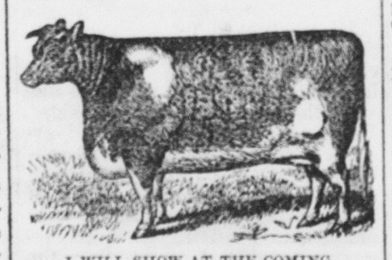
S. & A. LOEB.

New Advertisements.

DISTRICT COURT OF THE U. S. FOR THE Western District of Pennsylvania.
IN BANKRUPTCY.

This is to give notice, that on the 16th day of September, A. D. 1878, a warrant in bankruptcy was issued against the estate of T. R. Hamilton, of Bellefonte, in the county of Centre, and State of Pennsylvania, who has been adjudged a bankrupt upon his own petition; that the payment of any debts and delivery of any property belonging to such bankrupt, to him or for his use, and the transfer of any property by him are forbidden by law; that a meeting of the creditors of said bankrupt to prove their debts, and to choose one or more assignees of his estate, will be held at a court of bankruptcy, to be holden at the Bush House, in Bellefonte, Pa., before F. E. Smith, Esq., Register, on the 7th day of November, A. D. 1878, at 10 o'clock A. M.

JOHN HALL,
U. S. Marshal, as Messenger.
Pittsburgh, Sept. 19, 1878. 38-2w



I WILL SHOW AT THE COMING

Bellefonte Fair

And offer at private sale, a Car-load of

THOROUGHBRED STOCK,

CONSISTING OF

Short Horned Bulls, Cows and Heifers,
BERKSHIRE HOGS,
Leicestershire & Cotswold Sheep

We take pleasure in answering any and all questions.
38 tf W. R. McFARLANE.

FAIRBANKS' SCALES.

FAIRBANKS

THE STANDARD OF THE WORLD
Over 300 Modifications.
TO THE REQUIREMENTS OF EVERY BUSINESS

SCALES.

Made with the Latest and Most Valuable Improvements.

Two Grand Prizes
AT PARIS EXPOSITION.
Received Highest Medals at

World's Fair, London,	1851
World's Fair, New York,	1853
World's Fair, Paris,	1867
World's Fair, Vienna,	1873
World's Fair, Santiago (Chili),	1875
World,s Fair, Philadelphia,	1876
World,s Fair, Sydney (Australia),	1877
World,s Fair, Paris,	1878

FAIRBANKS & EWING,
715 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.
10 38 13t

New Advertisements.

PROVERBS.

"The Richest Blood, Sweetest Breath and Fairest Skin in Hop Bitters."

"A little Hop Bitters saves big doctor bills and long sickness."

"That invalid wife, mother, sister or child can be made the picture of health with Hop Bitters."

"When worn down and ready to take your bed, Hop Bitters is what you need."

"Don't physic and physic, for it weakens and destroys, but take Hop Bitters, that build up continually"

"Physicians of all schools use and recommend Hop Bitters. Test them."

"Health is beauty and joy—Hop Bitters gives health and beauty.

"There are more cures made with Hop Bitters than all other medicines."

"When the brain is wearied, the nerves unstrung, the muscles weak, use Hop Bitters."

"That low, nervous fever, want of sleep and weakness, calls for Hop Bitters."

Hop Cough Cure and Pain Relief is Pleasant, Sure and Cheap.

For sale by F. Potts Green, Bellefonte, Pa. 38-4t

Price Reduced from 50c. to 25c
EACH. OUR NEW
POCKET COIN CASKET.

Holds over $5.00 worth of Silver Coin in Half Dollars, Quarters, Dimes and Nickles. The slightest movement of the thumb pushes the desired coin into your hand, and another one takes its place. Beautiful in design, elegantly nicket silver-plated, and perfect in its operation. Sample postpaid 25 cents. Agents' trial package of 6 for $1.00. Mammoth illustrated catalogue of other novelties free. E. F. NASON & CO., 111 Nassau street, N. Y. 37-4w

NOW READY! The Grand Achevements of
STANLEY AND OTHERS **ONLY $2.75.**

By Hon. J. T. Headley, the Prince of descriptive authors. A full history of his explorations in Africa and marvelous journey down the Congo. A new exciting book. Bristling with wild adventures and thrilling scene of danger. Is profusely illustrated. The public eagerly await it. It is selling wonderfully.

Caution Beware of the misstatements of interested parties, but send for proof of genuineness and full description of this work, also terms. 37-4w

HUBBARD BROS., Pubs. 733 Sansom St., Phila. Agt's Wanted

NOTICE is hereby given that the first separate accounts of Isaac Mitchell, assignee for the benefit of creditors of Isaac Thomas and Joseph D. Thomas, and the joint account of Isaac Mitchell, assignee, etc. for Isaac Thomas and Joseph D. Thomas, of Bellefonte Borough, have been filed in the office of the Prothonotary of the Court of Common Pleas, of Centre county, and that said accounts will be presented to the Court for confirmation at November Term.
A. WILLIAMS,
Sept. 9, 1878. 36-3t Prothonotary.

SWEET Chewing JACKSON'S BEST NAVY Tobacco!

Awarded *highest prize* at Centennial Exposition for *fine chewing qualities* and *excellence and lasting character of sweetening and flavoring*. The best tobacco ever made. As our blue strip trade-mark is closely imitated on inferior goods, see that *Jackson's Best* is on every pig. Sold by all dealers. Send for sample, free. P. C. A. JACKSON & Co., Mfrs., Petersburg, Va.

G. F. WARDLE, General Agent, Philadelphia 37 4t

Ear Diseases.

Dr. C. E. Shoemaker's Book on Deafness and diseases of the Ear and their proper treatment—especially Running Ear. How to get immediate relief from all the unpleasantness of this disease, and a perfectly harmless and permanent cure. A book every family should have. Sent free to all. Address Dr. C. E. SHOEMAKER, Aural Surgeon, Reading, Pa. 37-4w

There will be offered at public sale at 1 o'clock on

FRIDAY, SEPT. 27, 1878,

the well known farm, late of Rev. P. S. Fisher, dec'd., situate in Gregg Township, Centre county, 1 mile north-west of Spring Mills R. R. station, and at present occupied by Chas. Horner, consisting of 135 acres. One of the best producing farms in the valley; has all necessary buildings; new barn; heavy timber land; two orchards and with Penn Creek running through centre of farm. Has an excellent mill seat.
C. P. W. FISHER, M. D., Executer.

25 FANCY CARDS with name, 10c., Plain or Gold, 150 styles. Agt's outfit 10cts. Hull & Co., Hudson, N. Y. 37-4w

20 Chromo Cards, (perfect beauties) with name, 10 c. Outfit 10c. Turner Card Co., Ashland, Mass. 37-4t

New Adertisements.

THOROUGH EDUCATION
FOR
YOUNG LADIES.

LAKE ERIE SEMINARY,
PAINESVILLE, Ohio,
On the Mt. Holyoke Plan.

A very healthful location, beautiful surroundings, greatly improved and enlarged buildings and apparatus. Offers to young ladies all the advantages of a Christian Home, with thorough course of instruction in the Higher Branches of Education.

TERMS, $170 PER YEAR.

Including board and tuition, fuel, lights and lectures, instruction in French and German, use of Library, Periodicals, &c.

For Catalogue, with *full information*, address the Principal. 29 2m

Grace's Celebrated Salve.

A SURE RELIEF FOR THE SUFFERER.

PREPARED BY
SETH W. FOWLE & SONS,
86 HARRISON AVENUE,
BOSTON, MASS.

GRACE'S CELEBRATED SALVE
Is a Vegetable Preparation

Invented in the 17th century by Dr. William Grace, Surgeon in King James' army. Through its agency he cured thousands of the most serious sores and wounds that baffled the skill of the most eminent physicians of his day, and was regarded by all who knew him as a public benefactor.

Price 25 Cents a Box.

GRACE'S CELEBRATED SALVE
CURES

flesh wounds, frozen limbs, salt rheum, chilblains, sore breast, sore lips, erysipelas, ringworms, scald head, chapped hands, burns, cancers, felons, scalds, sores, ulcers, wounds, stings, shingles, festers, wens, stics, piles, abcess, freckles, bunions, sprains, boils, bites, cuts, whitlows, warts, blisters, tan, pimples, corns, scurvy, itch, ingrowing nails, nettle rash, mosquito and flea bites, spider stings,

And all cutaneous diseases and eruptions generally.

For sale by all druggists, grocers, and at all country stores throughout the United States and British Provinces. Price by mail 50 cents. 10-33-1y

PATENTS

OBTAINED for Inventors, in the United States, Canada, and Europe, at reduced rates. With our principal Office located in Washington, directly opposite the United States Patent Office, we are able to attend to all Patent Business with greater promptness and despatch and less cost, than other patent attorneys, who are at a distance from Washington, and who have, therefore, to employ "associate attorneys." We make preliminary examinations and furnish opinions as to patentability, free of charge, and all who are interested in new inventions and Patents are invited to send for a copy of our "Guide for obtaining Patents," which is sent free to any address, and contains complete instructions how to obtain Patents and other valuable matter. We refer to the German-American National Bank, Washington, D. C.; the Royal Swedish, Norwegian, and Danish Legations, at Washington; Hon. Joseph Casey, late Chief Justice U. S. Court of Claims; to the Officials of the U. S. Patent Office, and to Senators and Members of Congress from every State.

Address, LOUIS BAGGER & CO., Solicitors of Patents and Attorneys at Law, Le Droit Building, Washington, D. C. 17-tf

DISTRICT COURT OF THE U. S. FOR THE Western District of Pennsylvania.
IN BANKRUPTCY.

This is to give notice, that on the 9th day of September, A. D. 1878, a warrant in bankruptcy was issued against the estate of Wesley M. Holmes, of Bellefonte, in the county of Centre, and State of Pennsylvania, who has been adjudged a bankrupt upon his own petition; that the payment of any debts and the delivery of any property belonging to such bankrupt, to him or for his use, and the transfer of any property by him are forbidden by law; that a meeting of the creditors of said bankrupt to prove their debts, and choose one or more assignees of his estate, will be held at a court of bankruptcy, to be holden at the office of Register in Bankruptcy, before John Brotherline, Esq., Register, on the 8th day of October, A. D. 1878, at 2 o'clock, P. M., in the Court House, at Bellefonte, Pa.

JOHN HALL,
U. S. Marshal, as Messenger.
Pittsburgh, Sept. 10, 1878. 37-2t

Strawbridge & Clothier, Dry Goods.

Strawbridge & Clothier's

NEW DRY GOODS HOUSE,

NOS. 801, 803, 805, 807 AND 809

MARKET STREET,

PHILADELPHIA.

A VISIT of INSPECTION is Respectfully INVITED.

If it is not convenient to visit the city and make your selections in person, write for samples of whatever you may desire, and a full line will be forwarded by return mail. 10-38-3m

New Advertisements.

AUDITORS' STATEMENT FOR THE BOROUGH OF BELLEFONTE:—GEORGE H. WEAVER, late Overseer of the Poor, in account with the Borough of Bellefonte, from June 23, 1877, to July 24, 1878:

DEBTOR.

To amount received on duplicate 1875, from June 23, 1877, to July 24, 1878		$ 198 27
To amount received on duplicate 1876, from June 23, 1877, to July 24, 1878		1022 27
CREDITOR.		
By balance due Overseer June 23, 1877	$ 19 97	
By sundry bills	1450 72	
Balance	250 15	
	$1,470.69	$1,470.69
July 24, 1878, balance due Overseer		$250.15

Account of DANIEL MCGINLEY, Overseer of the Poor, of the borough of Bellefonte, from April 1, 1877, to August 1, 1878:

EXPENDITURES.

Amount expended in aiding and supporting poor from April 1, 1877, to August 1, 1878	$ 3346 76
RECEIPTS.	
Amount received on tax duplicate 1877	$ 3093 15
Balance due Overseer Poor	$ 253 61

Statement of account of orders drawn on the Borough and Water Funds by order of the Town Council, from April 1, 1877, to April 1, 1878:

Orders drawn on Borough Fund for sundry expenses from May 1, 1876, to April 1, 1877, paid this year	$ 978 84
To expenses from April 1, 1877, to Apr. 1, 1878	2959 24
Orders drawn on Water Fund for sundry expenses from May 1, 1876, to April 1, 1877, paid this year	872 84
To expenses from April 1, 1877, to Apr. 1, 1878	3374 22
Total	$ 9,185.14

JAMES HARRIS, Treasurer, Borough Fund, in account with the Borough of Bellefonte, from April 1, 1877 to April 1, 1878.

April 2, 1877, to Apr. 1, 1878, to balance due borough at settlement	$ 1532 26
To amount received from duplicate 1875	460 51
To amt. received from duplicate 1876,	2619 16
" " " " 1877,	2145 53
" " " John Welch, high constable	15 00
To amount received from James Quinn, street commissioner	4 10
To dividend from Bellefonte Gas Co.	282 00
	$ 7,058.56
CREDITOR.	
By sundry payments from Apr. 2, 1877, to April 1, 1878	$ 5512 18
Apr. 2, 1878, to balance due Bor. Fund	$ 1545 38

JAMES HARRIS, Treasurer, Water Fund, in account with the Borough of Bellefonte, from April 1, 1877, to April 1, 1878:

April 2, 1877, to April 1, to balance due borough at settlement	$2331 57
To amt. received from duplicate 1873	394 33
" " " 1876	1516 43
" " " 1877	915 08
	$5047.66
CREDITOR.	
By sundry payments from April 2, 1877, to April 1, 1878	3768 37
Apr. 2, 1878, to balance due Water Fund	$1279.09

JAMES HARRIS, Treasurer, Interest Fund, in account with the Borough of Bellefonte, from April 1, 1877, to April 1, 1878:

To amt. received from duplicate 1875	$ 548 93
" " " 1876	2240 64
" " " 1877	2009 89
	$ 4798 58
CREDITOR.	
By balance due Treasurer Interest Fund at settlement, April 2, 1877	$ 1477 04
By sundry payments from April 2, 1877, to Apr. 1, 1878	8361 14-23183 18
Apr. 1, 1878, by balance due Bor. Treas.	$18384 60

New Advertisements.

JAMES HARRIS, Treasurer Borough Bellefonte, in account with the Bond Account of said borough, from April 1, 1877, to April 1, 1878:

DEBTOR.

April 1, 1877, to balance in hands of Treasurer		$ 10973 67
To proceeds of old series of bonds		2255 00
" " new series of bonds		14889 10
CREDITOR.		
By old series of bonds paid	$ 11915 45	
By balance	16202 32	
	$28117 77	28117 77
April 1, 1878, to bal. in hands Treas.		$16202 32

BOND INDEBTEDNESS.

April 1, 1877, to bonds outstanding		$112895 47
To bonds of new series issued		14900 00
" " old series issued		2255 00
CREDITOR.		
By bonds of old series paid	$ 11915 45	
By balance	118135 02	
	130050 47	130050 47
April 1, 1878, to bonded indebtedness		$118135 02

BALANCE SHEET.
Bellefonte Borough, taken April 1, 1878.

To bonded indebtedness	$118135 02	
" orders outstanding	6765 89	
By balance on duplicates		$24760 40
" 188 shares Bellefonte Gas Co. stock par $25		4700 00
By balance in hands of Treasurer		693 19
By balance		94747 32
	$124900 91	124900 91
April 1, 1878, to balance		$ 94747 32

We certify to the correctness of the above accounts.

A. J. COOK,
J. L. KURTZ,
ISAAC MITCHELL, } AUDITORS.
37-3t

GRAY'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE.

TRADE MARK. TRADE MARK.

Before Taking. The Great English Remedy, an unfailing cure for Seminal weakness, Spermatorrhea, Impotency and all diseases that follow as a sequence of After Taking.

Self Abuse: as loss of Memory, Universal lassitude, pain in the back, dimness of vision, premature old age, and many other diseases that lead to insanity and consumption and a premature grave.

☞ Full particulars in our pamphlet, which we desire to send free by mail to every one. The Specific Medicine is sold by all druggists at $1 per package, or six packages for $5, or sent free by mail on receipt of the money by addressing

THE GRAY MEDICINE CO.,
No. 10 Mechanics' Block, Detroit, Mich.
HARRIS & EWING, Wholesale Agents, Pittsburgh, Pa. vol-10-27-1y

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.—Letters testamentary on the estate of Louis Peters, late of the borough of Unionville, Centre county, Pa., have been granted to the undersigned. Notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the said estate to present them duly authenticated for settlement.

BULAH PETERS,
WM. P. FISHER,
37-4t Executors.
Unionville, Fleming P. O., Sept. 17, 1878.

FARM FOR SALE.—We offer for sale a farm in Marion township, containing three hundred and eighty-eight acres, about 200 acres cleared in good house and barn, wood house and other necessary buildings on the place, also good water and a large assortment of fine fruit trees. This is a good opportunity for anyone wanting a good home. Terms to suit purchaser. Price $8,500. Apply to

EDWARD T. TUTEN,
10 9 4t REPUBLICAN office.
Bellefonte, Feb. 23, 1878.

Bellefonte Republican.

BELLEFONTE, PA.

Farm and Fireside.

The Wheat Crop.

The several articles on wheat culture published in this as well as in late issues of the RURAL, from the pens of some of the most successful wheat-growers in different parts of the country, supplemented by the information on the subject contained in the multitude of crop reports which our friends everywhere have enabled us to place before our readers, have given them ample details, both with regard to the local yields of the last crop in nearly every section, and with regard to the best practical means of securing a remunerative measure of success for the next crop throughout the whole country. Connected with the latter point, however, it may not be wholly superfluous to call special attention here to the necessity of selecting good seed, to insure a satisfactory yield; and also to the advisability of sowing early, in order the better to avoid the ravages of the Hessian fly.

By far too little attention is generally given by farmers to the selection of the best attainable seed, yet in a crop, like wheat, in which the profit is rarelv large, the difference between a remunerative crop and one that does not pay expenses. Having decided upon the variety to be used, the best plan for selecting the seed is to take it from those parts of the field that ripen the earliest and produce the best grain; thrash this by itself, and be careful to prevent all intermixture with other sorts. Special attention should be bestowed on the last point, for mixed grains seldom ripen together, and never bring so high a price in the market as a pure kind. It is within the experience of most farmers that an inferior grade of wheat, when pure, commands a higher figure when sold, than better kinds where two or more varieties are mixed; yet rather than take a little extra trouble in selecting and thrashing seed wheat separately, the lessons of this experience are too often disregarded.

Next to a fertile well-tilled seedbed, the best safeguard against the the depredations of the Hessian fly lies in early sowing. The time for this will vary slightly in different parts of the country, but if winter wheat has not already been sown, no time should now be lost before doing so, in those districts where this pest is prevalent. The plant will then outgrow the insect, and if the first stalk is destroyed, a second will take its place.

Just now the prospects of a rise or fall in the price of the wheat is a matter of primary importance to all wheat-growers who have not already disposed of their crop. This, of course, is a question which rests mainly upon the proportion of supply to demand, upon the excess beyond domestic needs, produced in countries where this cereal is extensively cultivated, as in the United States, Russia, Egypt, and some parts of India, as compared with the deficiency in the supply of the grain throughout the rest of the world, and the consequent demand that will be made on the surplus stock.

A letter on this subject just received from the Department of Agriculture, gives us the very latest official estimates of the wheat harvest in this country. These differ but very little from those given in our issue of July 6th. The indications are that the total area of wheat for 1878, is about 17 per cent. greater than in 1877; winter wheat having increased about twelve per cent, the total area under the crop being probably 31,000,000 acres. Last year the average yield was estimated at 13.9 bushels per acre, and at that rate, the crop of 1878 will aggregate 430,900,000 bushels. This of course, is only an approximate estimate, as full returns will not be systematized before December next.

From other sources, we learn that out of the crop of 325,000,000 bushels for 1877, 216,000,000 bushels were needed for domestic seed and consumption, to the first of this month, leaving for export about 100,000,000 bushels. Assuming that our requirements for seed and consumption, during the coming year, will be as much as 220,000,000 bushels, we shall still have for export in the year ending Sept. 1, 1879, upwards of 200,000,000 bushels, or double the surplus product of last year. A large number of calculations made on the returns from the Department of Agriculture, checked or supplemented by those from different States, in no instance, reduces this estimate by more than 13,000,000 bushels. What then, are the chances for a large demand and therefore a profitable market for this enormous surplusage?

In Great Britain there has been, during the past year, a trifling increase of 50,000 acres under wheat, and a proportionate increase in Ireland, making the tolal area under this crop in the United Kingdom, 3,400,000 acres, The yield of the new crop is fully up to the average, or indeed a little better than for some years. According to the latest reliable estimate, it will yield, at the usual average of 27 bushels to the acre, 92,000,000 bushels, leaving 104,000,000 bushels to be drawn from abroad. France usually exports a little wheat, but this year her crop is reported slightly below the average, so that the French will probably be buyers instead of sellers. Reports of this year's grain crops have not yet arrived from the remainder of Europe, and so soon as they reach us, readers shall be promptly put in possession of them, so as to be able to form an intelligent opinion of the outlook. On the whole, the present prospect is that while prices probably not depreciate much, it is highly improbable that they will permanently rise even a little.—*Rural N. Yorker.*

Farmers The Bulwark Of Safety.

At Minneapolis Fair, last week, Senator Blaine delivered an address which is replete with good things and true. We quote from his closing remarks as follows:

I am addressing an agricultural community. During all the depression of trade, and commerce, and manufactures prevailing for these past five years, you have steadily progressed in comfort, independence and wealth. While thousands elsewhere have lacked employment, and many I fear have lacked bread, no able-bodied man in Minnesota, has been without remunerative labor, and no one has gone to bed hungry. Your pursuits and their results from the basis of the ideal republic, happily indeed realized within your own borders. The tendency of all your industry is toward the accumulation of independent competency, and does not favor the upbuilding of colossal fortunes. You are dealing daily with the essential things of life, and are not warped in your judgement nor deflected from your course by speculative and illusory schemes of advancement and gain. You are landowners, free-holders, a proud title that comes to us with centuries of civilization and strength—a title that every man in this country should make it his object to acquire and to honor. Self-government among the owners of the soil in America is an instinct, and where that ownership is largely distributed, good government is the rule. Whatever disturbance, thererore, may threaten the peace and order of society, whatever wild theories, transplanted from other climes, may seek footheld here, the Repuclic of the United States rests securely on the basis of agriculture, where the farmers of the Revolution and the framers of the Constitution placed it. The man who poses broad acres which he has earned by the sweat of his brow is not apt to fall in with the doctrine of the Communist, that no one has a right to ownership in the soil; the man who has the product of his labor in wheat and corn, in pork and in beef, in hides in wool—commanding gold and silver as they always have and always will in the markets of the world—is not to be led astray with theories of fiat paper and absolute money, but instinctively consigns such wild vagaries to the appropriate domain of fiat folly and absolute nonsense.

The farmers of the Republic will control its destiny. Agriculture, commerce and manufactures are the three pursuits that enrich a nation, but the greatest of these is agriculture, for without its products the spindle can not turn and the ship will not sail. Agriculture furnishes the conservative elément in society, and in the end is the guilding, restraing, controlling force in government. Against storms of popular fury; against frenzied madness that seeks collision with establishsd order, against theories of adminisiration that have drenched other lands in blood; against the spirit of anarchy that would sweep away the landmarks and safeguards of Christian society and Republican goverment, the farmers of the United States will stand as the shield and the bulwark—themselves the willing subjects of law, and therefore its safest and strongest administrators.

Gradually the government of the Republic is passing under control of the farmers of the Mississippi Valley. Indeed, it is practically there to-day The swelling and on-rushing tide of populatiou is toward the broad plains and the rich acres that lie between the two mountain ranges of the continent. The soil is so fertile, the land so inviting, the area so broad, that no man dare calculate the possibilities of this great region either as respects production or population. Your own State, peopled no more densely than New York, would have a population of nine millions; peopled as densely as Massachusetts, you would have a population of sixteen millions. With the transfer of political control from the old States to the new, there is also transfered a vast weight of responsibility. It is yours to-day; it will be yours still more to-morrow. Take it; use it wisely and well for the advancement of the whole—for the honor of all. The patriotic traditions of the "old thirteen" that fought the battles of the Revolution, formed the Union of the States and planted liberty in the organic law, will be your safest guide—your highest inspiration. Many of you to-day mingle with your love for Minnesota your earlier affection for the old home and the old State far to the East, where an honored ancestry lie buried, and where the tenderest memories cluster around the familiar scenes of days long past. It is the kinship of blood, these ties of relationship, that make us indeed one people uniting the East and West, the North and the South, in the indissoluble bonds of a common, and I trust always beneficent, government.

Shirking.

The poorest of all ways for a farmer (or anybody else,) to try to get rid of trouble, is to shirk it. The man who "faces the music" with the most promptness, who "takes Time by the forelock," who "never puts off till tomorrow, what ought to be done today," is the man who will be most successful, have the most leisure, the least worry, the most comfort, and make the most money. Those who see a "lion in the path" when a big job of work rises before them, and cower down, instead of springing up, are not those who will make farming pay. It is as important for the farmer as for the sailor, to keep a good lookout ahead. No man's plans should be more far-reaching than the farmer's. No man should more carefully consider the alternatives of the situation, or more ready to "about ship," when suddenly occurring changes take place or to substitute one course for another, as circumstances demand.—*Rural N. Yorker.*

Always glad to leave home, and yet very glad to get back—a base ball player.

By the Roadsides.

As one walks along the roads in the country, if he is an observant man, he may learn many lessons of value. The dwellers along the roadsides may not suspect that their characters may be read very plainly by the condition of the road in front of their homes, and the appearance of their surroundings. But it is so, and every man has a certificate of character exhibited at his door, or upon his fence, for the passers by to read. For instance, just now we may see roadsides white with the wild carrot or other pestiferous weeds. This shows that the owner is careless and thriftless, because he is suffering injurious weeds to multiply and lay up future troubles for him; that he is selfish and regardless of what is due to his neighbor, because he is actually injuring the latter's property by stocking it with weeds, and laying up trouble for him as well as for himself; also that he is not a law abiding, or at least that he is a thoughtless citizen, because he observes neither the written law which, in nearly every State, obliges every owner or occupier of property to destroy injurious weeds upon his premises; nor the unwritten law of justice and kindness to his neighbor, which would impel him to "do as he would be done by." So it is with everything about the house, the gardens, the yards, barns, stables and fields. A man's character is set forth by these as plainly as if it were printed in the largest type, and hung up for public inspection upon his front fence. Actions speak louder than words, and by our works we shall be judged.

The moral of this little homily is so plain that nothing further need be said as to its application. Let every man judge himself by it, however, and not his neighbor. Then some good may result. As this is the very time when action in this regard will be most effective.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Discouraged.

It is so easy to say, "Never give up the ship." It is so easy to hold your head up and step firmly, to laugh cheerily and have a pleasant word for everybody, when safely hedged in from sorrow and poverty by the love of friends and a bottomless purse. When sickness passes by to knock at some other door, when home is the one "sweet, safe corner" in all the world, when there are those who would suffer that you might go free—ah! then it is easy to feel as if nothing could ever make you quite discouraged. This is a beautiful world, and there are lots of good things in it. Yes, many a son and daughter, a few wives and mothers, and about the same proportion of husbands and fathers, do live more in the shine than in the shadow of life. But there are many more who have to buckle on their armor, and spend their best heart's blood in the daily life.

Such bitter trials as men and women do live through! Who can doubt that heaven sends them their fortitude? It cannot be of earth. Such strains of heart and brain as hearts and brains do still bear up under! Is it any wonder that weary hands sometimes fall despondingly, and weary heads bow discouraged? Ye whose paths are in the pleasant places! whose faith was never tried by heaven's seeming disregard of your prayers and tears! who never knew the lack of tender home-love and protection, exult in your happiness, and thank Providence. But while you drink from your cup of life such honey-sweet draughts, give a thought now and then to those whose daily portions savor so strongly of wormwood, and remember that a kindly word and a helping hand, which costs so little, may make lighter the burdens of some one now almost discouraged.

The Hair Snakes.

The idea that the hair snakes come from hairs thrown into water, is much more universal than you may suppose. It was only the other day that a lady was talking with the professor:

"You needn't tell me that it isn't so, because I've pulled hairs out of my own head and put them in water, and have seen them turn into snakes before my own eyes."

What could a poor professor say? For, of course, he didn't believe her for a minute. She may have seen the hairs move with the motion of the water, and so made up her mind that they must have turned to snakes. You may feel very sure, however, that no hair put in water ever became a snake. In fact the so-called hair snake is only a worm. You will find it at certain seasons of the year in small pools of water, and even on wet or damp cabbages.

Examine one through a microscope and you will see that it has little rings around its long, slender body. It is what scientific books call an annulated worm.

There is one very strange thing about these creatures; they are never still, but constantly wriggling about. Neither do they stretch themselves to their full length when on the ground, but curl themselves up in some way or other.

You have seen an ordinary earth worm crawling into his hole, and have noticed that he pulls his body in almost a straight line; but when the hair worm creeps, his body is generally in the form of a semicircle.

You remember the notices in the paper about a great "shower of snakes" in Memphis, Tenn., a year ago last winter. These were our hair worms; and, as they were found only in one place in the city, scientific men thought that the heavy storm must have blown and washed them from some neighboring pool or garden.

For such little fellows they seem to be just crowded with life, it being comparatively difficult to kill them when in water.—*Christian Union.*

Mexican Beauties.

All the social upheavals in Mexico for the past sixty years have failed to mingle the blood of the Indians with the blue blood of a certain element of their conquerors and descendants of the conquerors. This is the guera element, which has its own inviolate amidst the surging passions surrounding it, amidst temptations which nothing but a haughty pride of race would or could have resisted. There are two types of gureas. The first has some very distinct characteristics. The face is spirituelle, and has that subdued expression which invariably results from religious meditation, and in color is white as alabaster. The flesh is faultlesly white, tinged with a refined but healthy pallidness. The eyes are unusually dark, large and lustrous, and the hair abundant and black as the raven's wing. The teeth are perfect, and white as snowflakes. The "rubias," the second type are superb specimen's of womanhood, and are so called because they have auburn or golden hair, which in some instances runs into a flaming rich red color. The eyes are often deep blue, and soft and entreating in their expression. The flesh has a sunset tinge to it which indicates a more warm and sensuous nature than that of the paler-hued women. Near the town of Agua Cahente, State of Sinaloa, there is a village of rubias, the young women of which are matchless in their style of beauty. Tall and graceful, with rounded busts and symmetrical form, and a step as lithe and elastic as a fawn's, they move about, the very symbols of the poetry of motion. They have something in their manner and style similar to the higher classes of Russian women, and whom they greatly resemble. The rubias, like the gueras, live mostly in the interior, where the climate is more mild and genial, while the dark races inhabit the hot regions along the coast.—*Corres. San Francisco Chronicle.*

Pyramid Lake.

Pyramid Lake, among the mountains of Nevada, and little known to the world, is described as a singularly picturesque, unique and lonely spot. It is away from civilization, and miners and fishermen are the only people who go there. After the Great Salt Lake it is the largest body of water west of Lake Superior, being fifteen by forty miles in extent. It is 4,000 feet above the sea, and sounding lines dropped 1,600 feet have failed to find a bottom. There is no outlet to the lake, the dry air of the place absorbing the water rapidly. At intervals pyramids of rock rise out of the water in fanciful shapes, having been worn by the waves and storms. One of these islands has a height of 500 feet. A San Francisco *Bulletin* correspondent, who visited the place a month ago, says vegetation is very rare. Seventy or eighty goats roam at will and afford shooting for whoever considers the game worth the powder. They live on alfilaree, which is getting plentiful, and a bunch of grass which grows in crevices, and are as fat as if stall fed. The whole place is alive with rattlesnakes, and a man might kill a dozen in an hour's walk. A gentleman, who is the oldest inhabitant, told the correspondent he had seen 220 tons of duck, geese and pelicans' eggs there, and not content with that huge story, added that in another place, which he pointed out, he had seen "100 acres of solid pelicans."

Fashionable Hair.

Saratoga correspondence of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*: Many ornaments are used for the hair. Silver filagree combs are very fashionable, as the pins of red or pale yellow gold. The shell comb is seen in a variety of shapes. Dyed hair has had its day. So many persons are suffering from the effects of the various dyes that physicians are prohibiting the use of the different kinds of coloring matter. The French Government makes a study of the preservation of life. When dyed hair became the fashion the Government orderded a board of scientific men to analyze blondine and other kinds of dye.

The result was a report that the use of these dyes impaired the eyesight and the complexion, and a perseverance in the use produced ill health and shortened life. The French Government then prohibited, by a legislative act, the use of hair dyes. The American women are the most profitable customers which the French chemists have. A weak-minded young lady for a number of years changed her dark hair into blonde. She was forced to discontinue its use, and now appears with dead gray hair and blue goggles. She has utterly ruined her eyes, complexion, hair and health. Her handsome young husband carries around a wreck of the beauty he married six years ago.

Charitable Lady—"Poor man! If it were possible to procure work, what situation would suit you best?" Tramp—"Lady's companion, mum."

If it cost anything to go to church, people who never go now would run around like wild men for free passes.

When a rider is thrown over a horse's head, the horse becomes the power behind the throne.

There's a new syrup in the soda water stores called "Don't-care-if-I-do." It is very good.

A Left-Handed Horse.

A shrewd Granger came into Fremont the other day with a span of horses, which, in appearance, were paragons of animal beauty. A horse-trader caught sight of them and offered to buy them at once. The Granger was willing to sell consequently the bargain was soon closed, the money paid over, and the horses delivered to the new owner. The Granger then looked at the horseman with a wicked twinkle in his eye, and remarked: "Mister, there's some instructions goes with them horses."

"What are they?" replied the horseman.

"Well, sir, when that are critter lies down on his right side, you has to turn him over before he can git up. He's a left-handed brute, and can't use his right side. The tother animal was born backward, and doesn't pull well any other way. When you hitch him to a wagon just reverse ends, and he'll pull a mountain up by the roots."

After delivering these instructions the Granger walked off, chuckling like a loose cog-wheel, and the horseman was sorry that Beecher had abolished Hads before this Granger's time to die had come. But the horseman was resolved not to be beat in this way, and began to look about for a victim. He soon found one in the person of a prominent lawyer, to whom he sold the team at a fancy price. After getting his money he delivered the "instructions" as he had received them, and now there's a lawyer on the ragged edge who is casting his eyes wistfully around for for some other man wishing to buy a beautiful team. He'll sell cheap and throw the instructions in.

Scenes of Suffering at Memphis.

The scenes of suffering among the living are as awful as the slaughter among the dead, and laden with misery that cannot but move to their source the fountains of sympathy despite their constant repetition. Dr. Willett yesterday reported in Fort Pickering such sad and sickening sights as we had hoped would be peculiar to the sered district of the North.

On the corner of Vance and Avery streets a horrible sight of three corpses, three days dead yesterday, met the eye of the visitor. Two had swollen to bursting, and all lay in a state of putrefaction. This does not look if burial arrangements had attained to the boasted system and promptness.

A little girl sit in the *Ledger* office on a high stool counting specie—a pale little girl, with a little linen overapron and close cut hair.

"Who is she?" asked the solitary *Avalanche* man of Mr. Whitmore. "Who is your pretty little cashier?" The little head turned, the lips smiled, and the little fingers went on counting the specie.

"Little Millie Shepherd," replied the kind hearted *Ledger* man; "one of the family which suffered so in Linden street. She is my little ward now, and the brightest little cashier you ever saw." The lips smiled again as the brown head was patted tenderly, and the little fingers went on counting the specie. Thus a golden thread is picked up in the bleak, gloomy cavern of death.—*Memphis Avalanche.*

The Indian Ring Trick.

He then asked for a signet ring. Several were offered him, and he chose out one which had a very large oval seal, projecting well beyond the gold hoop on both sides. This ring he tossed and tumbled several times in his hands, now throwing it into the air and catching it, then shaking it been his clasped hands, all the time mumbling half-inarticulate words in some Hindostanee patois. Then setting the ring down on the cloth at about half-arm's length in front of him he said slowly and distinctly, in good Hindostanee, "ring rise up and go to the rupee." The ring rose, with the seal uppermost, and resting on the hoop, slowly, with a kind of dancing or jerking motion, it passed over the cloth until it came to where the rupee lay on the remote edge; then it lay down on the coin. The conjurer then said, "ring, lay hold of the rupee, and bring it to me." The projecting edge of the seal seemed to grapple the edge of the coin; the ring and rupee rose into a kind of wrestling attitude, and, with the same dancing or jerking motion, the two returned to within the reach of the juggler's hand.—*University Magazine.*

A Fatal Match.

A young Frenchman died in Lyons two weeks ago from the effects of lighting a match. He scratched it with his thumbnail, and a piece of the incandescent phosphorus penetrated under the nail and made a slight burn, to which he paid no attention. But, after an hour, the pain became very great, and the thumb swelled, then the hand and next the forearm. He was obliged to alight at the first station and send for a medical man, who declared that instant amputation of the arm was necessary. The patient insisted on postponing the operation for a few hours until the arrival of his father, for whom he had telegraphed. But before the later could reach the spot it was too late; the poisonous matter had passed into the arm and shoulder, and an operation was impossible. He died twenty-seven hours after the burn, in horrible suffering.

A newspaper man who breaks the Sabbath explains himself thus: "If fish are wicked enough to bite on Sunday, they ought to suffer for it."

How the Poor are Buried in Naples.

A fitting finis to the career of the Neapolitan poor is the method of their burial in the Campo Santo Vecchio. In death, as in life, they are herded together. A bare, paved space, inclosed by a wall; three hundred and sixty-five stones, covering as many pits, of which one is opened each day for the reception of the dead; a movable crane, with a metal coffin suspended by a chain. Such is the set scene, such the properties of the last act of the tragedy! Every evening at half-past six o'clock one of the awful holes is opened; the corpses brought for interment are hauled with indecent roughness from their pauper shells; the priest then sprinkles them with holy water, and hurriedly gibbles the prayer for the dead. Then each in its turn is thrown into the box attached to the crane; the bottom of the box gives way on the pressure of a spring, and the body crashes down to join the heap of corruption below. Laughing boys and weeping mourners press to the pit's edge to gaze at the ghastly sight; the creaking of the machine mingles with cries of despair. A crowd of lookers on eagerly note the number of the dead, their sex and age, in order to choose lucky numbers for the lottery.

A House with a Romance.

There is a peculiar story in connection with a house on Broadway, Somerville, Mass., owned and built by a man named Daniel Welch. The house was built about 15 years ago by Mr. Welch, who is now 70 years old, in anticipation of his marriage to a Miss Mary Thresher, who resided on Broadway, to whom he was engaged. The house is of brick, elegantly furnished and cost $20,000.

Welch, the story goes, drew his money to build the house in a lottery, but did not tell Miss Thresher of his good luck until the house was completed, when she refused to marry him, "for," as she said, "she would never marry a gambler." The house has never been occupied during these 15 years, and the windows are now covered with boards, but the land around it is cultivated by a neighbor. Welch is known to be a very eccentric man.

New Advertisements.

VEGETINE

Purifies the Blood and Gives

STRENGTH.

DU QUOIN, ILL., Jan. 21, 1878.

MR. H. R. STEVENS:

Dear Sir:—Your "Vegetine" has been doing wonders for me. Have been having the Chills and Fever, contracted in the swamps of the South, nothing giving me relief until I began the use of your Vegetine, it giving me immediate relief, toning up my system, purifying my blood, giving strength; whereas all other medicines weakened me and filled my system with poison; and I am satisfied that if families that live in the ague districts of the South and West would take Vegetine two or three times a week, they would not be troubled with the "Chills" or the malignant fevers that prevail at certain times of the year, save doctor's bills, and live a good old age. Respectfully yours,

J. E. MITCHELL,

Agent Henderson's Looms, St. Louis, Mo.

ALL DISEASES OF THE BLOOD. If Vegetine will relieve pain, cleanse, purify and cure such diseases, restoring the patient to perfect health, after trying different physicians, many remedies, suffering for years, is it not conclusive proof, if you are a sufferer, you can be cured? Why is this medicine performing such great cures? It works in the blood, in the circulating fluid. It can be truly called the Great Blood Purifier. The great source of disease originates in the blood; and no medicine that does not act directly upon it, to purify and renovate, has any just claim upon public attention.

VEGETINE

Has Entirely Cured Me of Vertigo

CAIRO, ILL., Jan. 23, 1878.

MR. H. R. STEVENS:

Dear Sir,—I have used several bottles of "VEGETINE"; it has entirely cured me of Vertigo. I have also used it for Kidney Complaint. It is the best medicine for kidney complaint. I would recommend it as a good blood purifier.

N. YOCUM.

PAIN AND DISEASE.—Can we expect to enjoy good health when bad or corrupt humors circulate with the blood, causing pain and disease; and these humors being deposited thro' the entire body, produce pimples, eruptions, ulcers, indigestion, costiveness, headaches, neuralgia, rheumatism and numerous other complaints? Remove the cause by taking VEGETINE, the most reliable remedy for cleansing and purifying the blood.

VEGETINE

I believe it to be a Good Medicine.

XENIA, O., March 1, 1878.

MR. STEVENS:

Dear Sir—I wish to inform you what your Vegetine has done for me. I have been afflicted with Neuralgia, and after using three bottles of the Vegetine was entirely relieved. I also found my general health much improved. I believe it to be a good medicine.

Yours truly, FRED HARVERSTICK.

VEGETINE thoroughly eradicates every kind of humor, and restores the entire system to a healthy condition.

VEGETINE.

Druggist's Report.

H. R. STEVENS:

Dear Sir—We have been selling your "Vegetine" for the past eighteen months, and we take pleasure in stating that in every case, to our knowledge, it has given great satisfaction.

Respectfully,

BUCK & COWGILL, Druggists,

Hickman, Ky.

VEGETINE

IS THE BEST

SPRING MEDICINE.

VEGETINE

Prepared by

H. R. Stevens, Boston, Mass.

Vegetine is Sold by all Druggists.

35-4t

SELLERS' LIVER PILLS

have stood for 30 years the Standard Remedy for the cure of *Liver Complaints, Costiveness, Sick Headache, and all derangements of the Liver.* Read: "Sellers' Liver Pills cured me of Liver Complaint, which compelled me to quit work."—Wm. Andrews, Baltimore. "I can recommend Sellers' Liver Pills. They have saved *hundreds of dollars* in doctor's bills."—Thos. Adams, Big Sandy, Kentucky. Price 25c. a Box. Sold by all Druggists and country Store Keepers. R. E. SELLERS & CO., Prop'r Pittsburgh, Pa.

HARRY K. HICKS,

(Successr to T. A. Hicks & Bro.)

WHOLESALE & RETAIL DEALER IN

HARDWARE, STOVES, OILS, PAINTS, GLASS, PUTTY, &C.

Also has the agency of the South Bend Chilled Plow for this county.

I WILL NOT BE UNDERSOLD BY ANY PARTY THAT SELLS THE SAME QUALITY OF GOODS.

Clothing.

SEASON of 1878!

Fine Clothing

MADE TO YOUR OWN ORDER

CHEAPER THAN

READY-MADE.

THE LARGEST AND CHEAPEST ASSORTMENT OF

HATS AND CAPS!

FINE SHIRTS

A SPECIALTY.

BUY GOOD WARM CLOTHING AT LOW PRICES FROM

Montgomery & Co.

No. 7 Brockerhoff Row.

10 4-tf

CLOTHING

AT RETAIL FOR

Wholesale Prices!

A Man's full Suit for . . . $5.00
that used to $10.00.

A neat, nice styled good Suit, at $6.00
good wear.

All wool CASSIMER SUITS for the price of making.

Boy's Suits for $2.50
that used to be $6.00.

Neat Style Spring OVERCOATS.

PRICES BELOW THOSE OF ALL OTHERS.

Practice economy, by saving money, by buying your Clothing of

S. & A. LOEB'S,

ALLEGHENY STREET,

12tf BELLEFONTE, PA.

WM. S. TRIPPLE.

MERCHANT TAILOR,

Spring Street, Bellefonte, Pa.

FASHIONABLE SUITS

MADE TO ORDER AT

LOW CASH PRICES.

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Confectionery.

CANDY MANUFACTORY AND BAKERY.

Mr. Albert Kauth,

—AT THE—

Bishop Street Bakery,

is now making the very best BREAD, CAKES AND PIES in Bellefonte.

Candies and Confections.

He also manufactures all kinds of candies, and dealers can purchase of him as low as in the city. Candies of all kinds always on hand, together with Oranges, Lemons, Figs, Dates Nuts, Syrups, Jellies and everything good.

CENTRE COUNTY OYSTER DEPOT.

An excellent oyster saloon also attached to the Bakery. Call and see me.

8 32-1y ALBERT KAUTH.

Medical.

HUNT'S REMEDY

The Great Kidney Medicine is not a new compound; it has been before the public 30 years and used by all classes. HUNT'S REMEDY has saved from lingering disease and death hundreds who have been given up by Physicians to die. HUNT'S REMEDY cures all Diseases of the Kidneys, Bladder, and Urinary Organs, Dropsy, Gravel, Diabetes, and Incontinence and Retention of Urine. HUNT'S REMEDY encourages sleep, creates appetite, braces up the system, and renews health is the result. HUNT'S REMEDY cures pain in the Side, Back, or Loins, General Debility, Female Diseases, Disturbed Menstruation, Loss of Appetite, Bright's Disease of the Kidneys and all Complaints of the Urino-Genital Organs. HUNT'S REMEDY is purely vegetable, and meets a want never before furnished the public, and the utmost reliance may be placed in it. HUNT'S REMEDY is prepared EXPRESSLY for the above diseases, and has never been known to fail.

One trial will convince you.

Send for pamphlet to

WM. E. CLARKE, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

HUNT'S REMEDY

Hardware, &c.

HARDWARE!

JAMES HARRIS & CO.,

ARE SELLING VERY LOW

REAPER SECTIONS AND REPAIRS,

And all kinds of Farming Tools,

RAKES FORKS, SCYTHES, CRADLES, SPROUT'S HAY FORKS,

ROPE BLOCKS, ETC., ETC.,

As well as all kinds of HARDWARE, to meet all demands in this line. 25

Planing Mill.

Laird, Foutz & Bartley

(Successors to McClellan & Speer)

PROPRIETORS OF

BELLEFONTE

PLANING MILL

MANUFACTURERS OF

Sash,
Doors,
Sidings,
Floorings,
Mouldings,
Scroll Work,
Stairs,
Building Material,
Cottage Bedsteads,

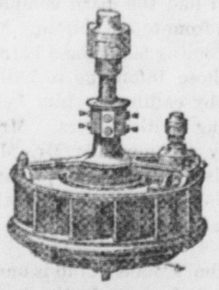
Frame Work, and all styles of work generally found in a first-class planing mill.

LAIRD, FOUTZ & BARTLEY,

10 23 6m Bellefonte, Pa.

Foundry and Machinists.

W. P. Duncan & Co.,



BELLEFONTE, PA.

ENGINEERS & MACHINISTS.

BELLEFONTE

PATENT WATER WHEEL,

STEAM ENGINES,

CIRCULAR SAW MILLS,

ROLLING MILL

AND

Grist Mill Machinery.

5 46a812-tf

THOMAS H. RHOADS,

is prepared to do

PAPER HANGING, PAINTING & GLAZING

at reasonable rates. Orders left at his residence on Lamb street, Bellefonte, Pa., will receive prompt attention.

Satisfaction guaranteed. 8-12-1y

W. L. FOULK, Agent Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Western Press Association, is hereby appointed the sole and only authorized agent for the BELLEFONTE REPUBLICAN, for Pittsburg, Allegheny and vicinity—this to hold good for six months or further extended.

Bellefonte, April 16, 1877

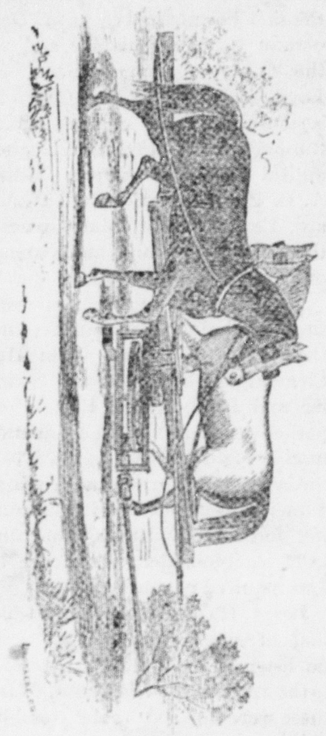
Farming Implements.

HORSE-POWER

AND

Threshing Machine,

With Straw Carriers of different sizes.



The above cut represents a two-horse

SWEEP POWER

IRON FRAME,

Very simple in its construction, and durable

IT IS A TUMBLING

BAR POWER,

AND HAS AN IRON JACK.

In these times of financial depression money is more easily saved than earned. So that every farmer needs his own

THRESHING MACHINE

AND

POWER,

to thresh when it suits him, and when his men and horses have nothing else to do. Address

W. H. H. Nivling & Co.,

TYRONE, PENN'A.

10-31-3m

Lumber.

MILL AT SNOW SHOE, PA. } YARD AT BELLEFONTE, PA.

P. B. CRIDER. F. W. CRIDER.

P. B. CRIDER & SON,

MANUFACTURERS.

In connection with their Mills in Snow Shoe, Centre county, Pa., they have started

A Retail LUMBER YARD, near Duncan, Hale & Co.'s Mill, Bellefonte, Pa.,

where they are prepared to fill orders promptly for any kind of BUILDING MATERIAL, FENCING, PAVING, &c. White and Yellow Pine, Oak and Hemlock Plank, Boards, and Building Lumber; Flooring, Ceiling, Siding and Wainscoting; Weather-boards, Surfaced Boards and Stripping; Posts, Rails, Palings and Scantling; Roofing and Plastering Lath, Sheathing and Shingles; Doors, Frames, Sash, Blinds, Shutters and Mouldings.

CELLAR GRATES, WINDOW WEIGHTS AND BRICK; LIME, HAIR, GLASS, NAILS, &c., &c.

A reasonable amount of farm produce taken in exchange.

10-16 1y

BEST business you can engage in. $5 to $20 per day made by any worker of either sex, right in their own localities. Particulars and samples worth $5 free. Improve your spare time at this business. Address STINSON & CO., Maine. 10 21 1y

$66 a week in your own town. $5 Outfit free. No risk. Reader, if you want a business at which persons of either sex can make great pay all the time they work, write for particulars to HALLET & CO., Portland, Maine. 10 21 1y

WHY GO WEST? Send for Delaware Farm Catalogue and Maps. J. F. MANCHA, Dover, Del.

Star Parlor Organ.

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES DURING

FEBRUARY & MARCH

WE WILL SELL A

Star Parlor Organ

WITH UPRIGHT WALNUT CASE, CARVED LIDS, CARVED BRACKETS, VENERED PANELS, ARTISTIC WORKMANSHIP, HAVING 12 STOPS TWO 5-OCTAVE SETS OF REEDS, AND ONE 3-OCTAVE SET.

LIST PRICE - $275.00.

Reduced Price $85,00.

Deposit the purchase money with your bank or responsible business man AND SEND FOR THE ORGAN. Pay freight and examine it ten days. If it satisfies you the deposit is ours; if you are not entirely satisfied, return the Organ to the railroad station and get your freight, go the bank or business man and get your money. You have not lost a penny and have run no risk.

WE FULLY WARRANT FOR

FIVE YEARS.

We are the bona fide manufacturers, having large factories in WASHINGTON, N. J., driven by steam.

We are the only advertisers from this place who make any part of an Organ.

FOR CASH WITH THE ORDER WE WILL DISCOUNT TEN DOLLARS FROM THE ABOVE PRICE.

Address,

ALLEGER, BOWLEY & CO.,

10-9 tf Washington, N.J.

Miscellaneous.

$2500 A Year. | Active Agents | $2500 A Year.

WANTED IN EVERY COUNTY, TO CANVASS OUR LINE OF FINE

PREMIUM FAMILY BIBLES.

ENGLISH and GERMAN, PROTESTANT and CATHOLIC.

Comprising nearly 100 different Styles, with numerous elegantly Illustrated Explanatory Features.

The most COMPLETE, PERFECT and BEAUTIFUL line of Bibles ever offered to the American Public.

—ALSO ON OUR—

Grand Combination Prospectus

OF 150 DISTINCT PUBLICATIONS.

Representing Agricultural, Biographical, Historical, Religious and Miscellaneous Works, and Family, Pulpit and pocket Bibles and Testaments, wanted in every family.

A Novel Feature in Canvassing. Sales made from this Prospectus, when all single books fail.

Also GENERAL and LOCAL AGENTS WANTED on our

GREAT WAR BOOK,

The most Comprehensive, Reliable and Accurate History of the late conflict between The Russian and The Turk, with its 300 elegant Engravings, Maps and Plans, the most showy, desirable and useful book now published. For Circulars and Liberal terms, address,

JNO. E. POTTER & CO., Publishers, PHILADELPHIA.

9-36-1-y

Watchmaker.

WATCHMAKER'S

REMOVAL

F. C. RICHARDS

takes this opportunity to inform his friends that he has removed to the new building lately erected by Blanchard & McCafferty, next door to the office of Alexander & Co., on High St. At his new store he has increased facilities for doing business, and guarantees entire satisfaction to all who may favor him with their patronage. Clocks, watches and jewelry repaired on short notice. 7-8-tf

TEMPERANCE ORCHESTRA

THE above organization can be engaged to play for churches, Sunday schools, social entertainments, temperance organizations, festivals, &c., at very reasonable rates, by applying by letter or in person to the leader.

E. A SMITH, Leader.

No 7, Humes' Block. 7-tf

Bush House.

IMPORTANT TO TRAVELERS!

—THE—

BUSH HOUSE!

BELLEFORTE, PA.,

has been thoroughly renovated and repaired, and under the management of the new proprietor, MR. GEORGE HOPPES, formerly of Pittsburgh, is first-class in all its appointments.

SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS

Are offered to those in attendance at COURT, and others remaining in town for a few days at a time.

The Largest and most Superbly Designed Hotel in Central Pennsylvania.

ALL MODERN CONVENIENCES. GO TRY THE BUSH HOUSE.

GEORGE HOPPES, Proprietor.

Wilson & McFarlane--Hardware.

STOVES, RANGES,

—AND—

HARDWARE,

CHEAPER THAN EVER!

WILSON & McFARLANE

ARE SELLING ALL KINDS OF

Double & Single Parlor Heaters,

COOK STOVES AND RANGES,

LOWER THAN THEY WERE EVER SOLD BEFORE. ALL KINDS OF

HARDWARE, PAINTS,

Oils, Varnishes, Glass, &c.,

ARE SOLD VERY LOW. They are the only party in this County selling the celebrated

ARMSTRONG'S McKELVY'S PURE WHITE LEAD.

GUARANTEED STRICTLY PURE AND BETTER THAN ANY LEAD IN THE MARKET.

It will pay one double to buy at the new Hardware Store, Humes' Block Allegheny-street, Bellefonte, Pa.

9 14-tf. WILSON & McFARLANE.

Sulphur Soap.

GLENN'S SULPHUR SOAP

ERADICATES ALL LOCAL SKIN DISEASES; PERMANENTLY BEAUTIFIES THE COMPLEXION, PREVENTS AND REMEDIES RHEUMATISM AND GOUT, HEALS SORES AND INJURIES OF THE CUTICLE, AND IS A RELIABLE DISINFECTANT.

This popular and inexpensive remedy accomplishes the SAME RESULTS AS COSTLY SULPHUR BATHS, since it PERMANENTLY REMOVES ERUPTIONS and IRRITATIONS of the Skin.

COMPLEXIONAL BLEMISHES are always obviated by its use, and it renders the cuticle wondrously fair and smooth.

SORES, SPRAINS, BRUISES, SCALDS, Burns and Cuts are SPEEDILY HEALED by it, and it prevents and remedies Gout and Rheumatism.

IT REMOVES DANDRUFF, strengthens the roots of the Hair, and preserves its youthful color. As a DISINFECTANT of Clothing and Linen used in the sick room, and as a PROTECTION against CONTAGIOUS DISEASES it is unequaled.

Physicians emphatically endorse it.

PRICES, 25 AND 50 CENTS PER CAKE, PER BOX, (3 CAKES,) 60c and $1.20.

S. B. There is economy in buying the large cakes. Sold by all Druggists.

"Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye," Black or Brown, 50c.

C. N. CRITTENTON, Prop'r, 7 Sixth Av. N.Y.

ESSENTIAL OILS.

WINTERGREEN, PEPPERMINT, PENNYROYAL, SPEARMINT, &c.

of prime quality, bought in any quantity for cash on delivery, free of brokerage, commission storage, &c., by

Dodge & Olcott,

Importers and Exporters, 88 William St., N. Y. 10-24-6m

PAINTERS.

DOAK & LONBERGER,

Painters, Paper Hangers and Kalsomin ers will attend promptly to all orders in their line of business, addressed to them by mail or left at the REPUBLICAN office. 9 28-1y

Organs & Sewing Machines.

WAR! WAR! WAR!

NEW 13 STOP PARLOR ORGANS, PRICE, $340; FOR ONLY $110 CASH.—NEW 9 STOP ORGANS FOR

$70. PRICE, $270.

NEW SEWING MACHINES

COMPLETE FOR $25.00.

Come and see for yourselves, at

BUNNELL & AIKENS'

Music Store,

ALLEGHENY ST., BELLEFONTE.

27-tf

Shaving Saloons.

M. S. GRAHAM,

FASHIONABLE BARBER,

In basement of the Conrad House, Bellefonte, Pa. The best of razors, sharp and keen, always on hand. He guarantees a shave without either nulling or pain. Perfumery, hair oil, hair restoratives, etc., constantly on hand. *Warm and Cold Baths.* 5 1 tf

WM. MILLS,

FASHIONABLE BARBER AND HAIR DRESSER.

Pleasant rooms and experienced workmen, Felty's new building, High street, Bellefonte, Pa. 5 29 1y

RAILROAD HOUSE,

Corner Front and Pine Street,

Philipsburg, Centre County, Pa.

ROBERT LOYD, Proprietor.

The best of liquors and cigars constantly on hand. The table is well supplied with the best the market affords. 9 26 1y

Bellefonte Republican.

By EDWARD T. TUTEN.

PUBLISHED EVERY
WEDNESDAY MORNING
AT BELLEFONTE, PA.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—No communications published unless accompanied by the real name of the writer.

Correspondents should write upon but one side of the paper, and avoid the use of pale or fancy inks.

Local Department.

—Join the Hoyt Club.

—New moon to-morrow night.

—Jersey sweet potatoes at Sechlers, only 25 cts. per peck.

—Sweet potatoes as cheap as Irish potatoes at Sechler & Co.

—It will pay you to examine Newman's one dollar shirt. 34-tf

—Sechler & Co., have Jersey sweet potatoes of the very best quality for only 25 cents per peck.

—Hon. A. K. Brown of Washington, D. C., will speak at the Court House to-morrow night.

—There was a slight frost on Saturday night and a heavy one Sunday night.

—Clement Dale, Esq., has purchased the entire law library of the late Hon. Wm. P. Wilson.

—Dr. Glenn's drug store, at Snow Shoe, was entered week before last, but nothing was taken.

—First gun for Hoyt! Let every Republican go to the Court House and hear sound Republican speeches tomorrow night.

—If you want anything in the grocery line, go to Sechler & Co. in the Bush House block, the cheapest place in town.

—The Penitentiary Commission is to arrive in Bellefonte to-day to see whether we are entitled to the location of that institution at this point.

—Everybody from the town and countyshould hear the first gun for Hoyt, at the Court House, to-morrow night.

—The ladies are especially requested to hear the speeches of General McCartney and Hon. H. W. Palmer, at the Court House, to-morrow night.

—One of the plate-glass window lights in the First National Bank was broken last Saturday morning, caused by the snapping in twain of the cords.

—At the last meeting of the Murphy Temperance Union it was decided to meet every Thursday night thereafter in the Y. M. C. A. room.

—The weekly prayer-meeting and Sunday evening services of the Methodist church will hereafter begin at 7 o'clock instead of half-past seven.

—All who love sweet potatoes, can indulge when they can get them for one dollar a bushel. Sechler & Co., are selling them for that price.

—It is not uncommon now-days to see young men gazing into wardrobes for the purpose of ascertaining whether a new overcoat is needed.

—A fresh supply of Dupont's powder, and some more of those popular cheap shot guns just received at Deschner's gun store, Bellefonte Pa. Call and examine.

—Go to the Court House on Thursday evening and hear Hon. H. W. Palmer and Gen. W. H. McCartney, of Wilkesbarre, speak on the issues of the day.

—The Centre county Sabbath School Association will hold a convention at Eagleville next Friday, beginning at 10 o'clock A. M. Rev. Crittenden informs us that a grand and good time is expected.

—Rev. Samuel E. Furst has been elected paster of the Lutheran church. Mr. Furst is a talented, entertaining gentleman, and the congregation may feel fortunate in securing his services.

—W. P. Furey, Esq., of this place for the last month, is helping to pull Andy Dill through the mire and clay. Mr. Furey accompanied the corporation legislator to Brookville, Jefferson county, and Millheim, this county.

—Sheriff Candor, of Clinton county, passed through here on Monday morning, on his way to the Western Penitentiary with Charles Daniels, of Lock Haven, convicted at last court of wife-beating.

—Isaac Haupt desires us to inform the people of Centre county that he is disposing of his stock of stoves and tinware at lower figures than are offered at any other establishment. Repairing, spouting, etc., done cheaply on the shortest notice. Do not forget the place, REPUBLICAN building, High street, near depot.

The Hoyt Club.

There was no ostentatious display or announcement of the fact that a Hoyt club would be organized last Friday night, and yet, when county Chairman Love called the meeting to order, quite a crowd filled the room. The hall is on the third floor of Humes' building, over the council chamber. It is a neat place, provided with benches to seat several hundred persons, lighted with gas, and well ventilated.

Col. D. H. Hastings was called to the chair as temporary chairman, and A. S. Grow acted as Secretary. Col. Hastings on taking the chair, thanked the body for the honor conferred upon him, and expressed the belief that Henry Martyn Hoyt, of Luzerne, would be our next Governor. Col. Keller followed in an out and out Republican speech, asking for a straight ticket.

On motion of Col. Keller a committee on permanent organization was appointed, consisting of Col. D. S. Keller, Edward T. Tuten, Capt. Cheesman, William H. Guic and W. S. Wagner.

County Chairman Love made a short speech, touching slightly on the financial and labor questions, upon which he expects to express himself more fully in the future. His address was earnest and to the point, and loudly applauded.

A short recess was taken to give persons a chance to sign the roll who had not done so, and quite a number signified their allegiance to the time-honored principles of the Republican party. At this point, Gen. James A. Beaver, one of Gen. Hoyt's competitors, entered the room, and his arrival was greeted with applause. Cries of "Beaver! Beaver! Beaver!" were immediately heard, and the General replied in a stirring, enthusiastic speech of fifteen minutes. Only 25,000 majority is what Gen. Hoyt will be elected is Mr. Beaver's opinion. He is sound on the question of Finance, and expressed his views in such a simple manner that the most uninformed man in the hall could understand. "All that the people of this country want is time to think," said the speaker, "and they will ignore the false and destructive theories that are being agitated at present." He said that the Republican party, in taking hold of the government of Pennsylvania, shouldered a debt of $40,000,000, but by economy and prudence, it had been reduced to $9,000,000. That party has taken the tax off of real estate, and the great corporations now pay that which, in former years, we as citizens paid. Gen. Beaver's remarks were loudly applauded and cheered.

Another opportunity was given to signers, the total footing up 67 names when the REPUBLICAN representative left the hall. Many of the truest, staunchest Republicans in the borough were present and took part in the proceedings. Many laboring men were there, too, and their presence was loudly cheered. We have good authority for saying that no Republican campaign club ever started out so auspiciously in this county as the Hoyt club. Let every Republican attend and do his best to poll a heavy vote for the State and county ticket. A rousing meeting was held last night. The club now numbers 125.

PERMANENT OFFICERS.

The committee on permanent organization reported at the meeting last night the following list of officers to serve during the campaign: President, A. J. Cook; Vice Presidents, Robt. A. Laird, S. C. Hunter, H. A. Williams; Secretaries, A. S. Grow, J. H. Williams.

—We call the attention of the Water Committee of Town Council to the condition of the big spring. It has not been cleaned out, we are informed, for more than five years, and a large amount of moss, etc., has collected in it. A moment's reflection will remind the committee that such a collection is not conducive to the purity of the water. An educated gentleman has taken pains to examine the water, and he reports the finding of low forms of vegetable life. Take some that has been standing during the night in a goblet and examine it with a glass of the 25th diameter, and you will observe the low forms of vegetable life mentioned above.

—A young Mr. Sprangle, an employee of Bobb Bros' paper mill, had three finger nails torn off the left hand last Friday week. He was putting paper through the draw-rolls with his fingers instead of a stick, resulting as above stated.

—Go to Sechler & Co. for your meat they keep the best in town.

Another Distinguished Visitor.

Bellefonte was honored last Thursday with the presence of one of Pennsylvania's best citizens, Col. Victor E. Piolette, who is the head man of the Patrons of Husbandry. The Colonel was on his way to State College to attend the Grangers' picnic and a meeting of the State Executive Committee of his order.

After registering at the Bush House he received many friends and acquaintances and talked in his usual jolly, farmer-like style, with everybody who came in contact with him. He appears to be at home on all topics pertaining to agricultural pursuits, having been a practical farmer all his days. It is his intention to get the farmers of Pennsylvania to take hold of their college, located about twelve miles from this point, and support it. There is no reason, he says, why it should not be a greater success than it is.

The old farmer has many peculiarities, which attract considerable attention wherever he goes. In person he is rather above the average in height and weight, has small, piercing light blue eyes, a well-shaped head, with high forehead. His hair is nearly white, while his pate, on the crown, is bereft of its covering. His voice is loud and full, and he speaks with as much ease a first-class phonograph. His raiment is of dark color, and he wears a black felt hat with a narrow brim, which he turns slightly upward from behind—we mean the brim.

Just before supper, while talking with a friend, he was told that a pretty stretch of country would meet his gaze while on his visit to the college.

"Bless your heart," said he, "I went through this country forty—yes, nearly fifty—years ago. On my way I stopped at a town where ten or twelve wagons, engaged in hauling goods, had stopped for a little while. That was something new for me. Why, those big wide-tire wagons used to carry nearly as much as the cars do now, and it didn't cost much more."

"Colonel, you haven't been taking much interest in politics since '76—when you run for State Treasurer?" asked a friend.

"No, no; I haven't. They cheated me out of that. I have it from good authority that I carried Philadelphia by several hundred majority, and yet I was counted out by 17,000, If the people had put me in there I would have shown where part of the interest that properly belonged to the State went to. Whatever interest accrues to the State funds belongs to her, and not to the Treasurer."

"Mr. Noyes' statement didn't show such a startling state of affairs after all, did it?"

"No, sir; but it's probable that those bankers along the West Branch don't get much; and—"

Just here the conversation was broken off by some whole-souled fellow who asked the Colonel to take a cigar.

On another occasion he said: "The Democrats are sending out a circular, showing the increase of the expenses of the Legislature in the last sixteen years. That's folly. Our Legislature has been doubled in that time, and of course our expenses are materially increased. But look at the inconsistency of the thing: Dill has been a member of that body for the last ten years, and he never called a halt in the expenses. No, sir, he sat there and took all he could get, and never once voted against a decrease of expenditures."

The above represents what an independent, out-spoken sort of an old gentleman Mr. Piolette is, and yet his assertion is as true as Gospel.

When supper was called Mr. Piolette and his companion, Mr. Catlin, of Montrose, Pa., went to the dining-room. Immediately seating himself at the end of a table, he put on a pair of steel-framed eye glasses of the new-fangled style. About the first thing that attracted his attention was a dish of smearcase which he tasted from the point of his knife. This quantity was not sufficient, and, no spoon being within reach, he took the smearcase dish in one hand, got up and walked to the centre of the table and captured a spoon, with which he helped himself to the case.

While eating, a running conversation was kept up with his friend Catlin, who appeared to be in the best of "spirits." Mr. Piolette has many friends throughout the State, especially among the farmers.

—The first number of the Sunday edition of the Philadelphia *Times* has reached us, and is chuck full of news and well-written editorial comments. It is an eight-page sheet, and a triumph over modern Sunday journalism.

—The merits of honest money and the honest payments of our debts will be discussed to-morrow night.

A Court of Impeachment.

There was to have been an argument court last Friday, but Judge Orvis was unavoidably absent. After waiting some time for his honor's appearance, the Associate Judges adjourned the court. The attorneys present, of whom there were quite a number, resolved to hold a Court of Impeachment, for the purpose of investigating the serious charges against District Attorney Fortney.

D. H. Hastings and Gen. Blair, Esqs., ascended the platform and seated themselves on the bench. Judge Hastings called the court to order and demanded what was the nature of the charges. John G. Love, Esq., on the part of the Commonwealth arose and stated that Mr. Fortney had insinuated that the Camerons had sent $27,000 into this county to defeat Andy Curtin; that the said Fortney had voted the Democratic ticket all his life and was the father of twin children. Mr. Love explained to the Court the seriousness of the charges against the defendant, and made an eloquent appeal for his conviction. Messrs. A. O. Furst and Edmund Blanchard, Esqs., took prominent parts in the prosecution, and made humorous and laughable appeals.

Mr. Fortney, upon whom rested such ignominous infamy, secured the service of Messrs. Adam Hoy, Clement Dale, Jack L. Spangler and D. S. Keller, Esqs., whose pathetic appeals for the condemned man brought tears (?) to the eyes of the assembled barristers. Their arguments were inexhaustible, bringing forth many truths emanating from legal lore that were never before required in similar cases.

Judge Hasting's face resembled that of a grave-yard janitor while he listened with marked attention to the arguments pro and con. When these were finished he delivered his opinion in favor of the Commonwealth, and sentenced the prisoner as follows: The sentence of this Court is, that you, D. F. Fortney, pay a fine of $27,000, costs of prosecution, and vote the Republican ticket the balance of your natural life; and that you remain in the costody of the Sheriff until this sentence is complied with.

The whole affair was a ludicrous occurrence, and produced the most hearty outbursts of laughter imaginable.

Capture of Horse Thieves.

On Thursday night of last week, a man and boy, whose names are unknown, residents of Northmoreland township, Wyoming county, took from the stable of John Slater, of Northumberland county, two black horses, and sought to escape with them. The thieves came up through White Deer, Nippenose, Sugar and Nittany Valleys, arriving in Bellefonte on Saturday, and then went down to Milesburg and traveled up Bald Eagle.

Mr. Slater started on the trail immediately after discovering his loss, and landed in this place Saturday night. He secured the assistance of Detective Dolan, and followed the party in hot pursuit, overtaking them at daybreak on Sunday morning about a mile this side of Bald Eagle station. The man and boy were riding along leisurely when the pursuers came up, and showed no resistance when Mr. Dolan shoved his revolver under the eldest one's nose. Shortly before their capture they had traded one of the horses to Reub Richards, of Julian, for a nice-looking dunn-colored animal, and Mr. Slater is of the opinion that he has the best of the bargain. The offenders were lodged in jail on Sunday, where they remained until Monday morning, when Mr. Dolan took them to Sunbury on the 10:03 train.

—On the night of the Democratic county convention day there was lots of bad whiskey punished. About 12 o'clock a party of six leading Democrats congregated on Howard street, near Penn, and made Rome howl. One fellow, a Blackstonian, wanted to climb a willow tree to make a speech, but his comrades in—corn juice—wouldn't allow anything of the kind. Another member of the party was satisfied with the county ticket, but couldn't swallow Curtin. After discussing the question for nearly an hour, they adjourned to meet at State College on the day of the Grangers' picnic.

—The growing demands of Sechler & Co. business have compelled them to enlarge their meat department. They have now one of the most commodious meat markets in town. The reason for this unprecedented success is, that they sell only the best, and sell cheaper than any other place in town. His store is in the Bush House block, opposite the REPUBLICAN office.

The Centre County Agricultural Fair.

The managers of the Centre County Agricultural Society, have commenced in time to arrange for this year's fair, which will be held on their grounds in Bellefonte Oct. 9th, 10th and 11th, and confidently expect to have the most sucuessful county fair to be held in this state. The buildings on the grounds are having a general overhauling and repairing, and everything connected with them is being put in the best shape. Nothing will be left undone that would better the condition of things in any respect. The race course is in good order, and every day it is used by horsemen who are speeding their fast stock preparatory to the coming races. The secretary of the association, Mr. Clement Dale, has already received word from stockmen, notifying him of their intention to bring some of the best stock in the county to Bellefonte to compete for the premiums this year. The exhibit of horses at this coming fair is confidently expected to exceed anything ever before shown in this state, and the most gratifying feature of this is that most of the horses are owned and raised in this part of the country. The number of heavy draught horses exhibited will be good. Then, the show of roadsters and thoroughbreds will be far ahead of any previous year. The number of thoroughbred colts that will be shown at this fair will be large, which will be exceedingly gratifying to all lovers of good horses. The number of fine grades of cattle and of various breeds of swine will also be immense. Mr. Dale has received from all quarters the most promising assurances, and the outlook at present is very flattering for a successful exhibition. It only remains for the people of Centre county to help, by their patronage, and exhibit a large number of articles of domestic manufacture and fancy work. The ladies should assist in the various departments, and the floral and fine art displays should not be behind any other part of the exhibition.

—Neighbor Frysinger, of the Lewistown *Democrat*, speaks thus complimentary of our approaching Fair: "The Centre County Fair will come off at Bellefonte on the 9th, 10th and 11th of October. The list of premiums and programme of exercises are the best (viewed both as offering inducements to exhibitors and to sight-seers,) that we have yet seen. In the matter of trials of speed, only $58 are offered, and none but county horses are to be admitted. There are to be two trotting races and two walking races, and besides these, there will be husking matches, wood-sawing matches, foot races, sack races, blindfold races, fat men's races, wheelbarrow races, a parade of fantastics, and various other diversions. The Centre County Fair will be a grand success beyond a doubt. We take occasion here, also, to express our thanks to the officers for a complimentary ticket for ourself and family.

—The barn lately burned on the farm of Mr. Wm. McFarlane, near Lemont, this county, has been replaced by a new one. On the 11th of August there was not a stick of timber on the ground; but by the 15th Mr. Farlane had it all on the ground ready for Mr. D. M. Stover, carpenter, to go to work, and in twenty-five days Mr. Stover had the barn completely finished from top to bottom. Mr. Stover is becoming famous as a barn builder, and those intending to build will do well by calling on him before contracting with others. Mr. Stover highly recommends Mr. McFarlane for his kindness and promptness in handing over the greenbacks when the barn was finished.

—The "Comus" Club is one of Lock Haven's literary institutions, being composed of young men. At the last election of officers we notice that a new office in literary societies was created. It is the position of "Bouncer." Just what the duties are of the man filling this position we cannot conceive, unless he is to the society what a fighting editor is to a printing office—to unceremoniously eject all persons who allow their angry passions to arise. We imagine the man who gets on his ear or humps his back in their presence, will be dealt with according to law.

—Charlie E. Fritcher, the wide-awake business manager of the Williamsport *Gazette and Bulletin*, with Mr. Chester Hill, of the same town, called at the REPUBLICAN sanctum last Monday evening week. Mr. Fritcher came to town to "do up" our late congressional rumpus, and of course he succeeded admirably. He is one of the best political and general reporters that shoves a pencil, besides being a tip-top business man. Mr. Hill is a genial fellow, hale, hearty and lively.

—The Fairbanks' manufacture over 50,000 scales a year. Where do they all go?

To the Penitentiary Committee.

A committee of gentlemen, on behalf of the citizens of Bellefonte, will offer you to-day such sites for the location of the proposed penitentiary as will, we hope, meet your hearty approbation.

The advantages of this point will be fully explained by the committee, and we ask that they be carefully considered before a decision is made. For healthfulness, purity of water and beautiful scenery, we doubt whether our claims can be surpassed.

Our supply of bituminous coal, limestone, brown and white sand stone for building purposes is inexhaustible, while immense quantities of first-class timber may be found in our forests.

In agricultural attainments, our county is not deteriorating, but continually advancing. No better proof of this can be given than to ask you to survey our broad fields, which lately bore unprecedented crops.

—The Presbytery of Huntingdon will hold its next stated meeting in the Presbyterian church, at Lemont (Dr. Hamill's), on Tuesday, the 1st of October, at 2½ o'clock P. M. The opening sermon will be preached by Rev. Mr. Sherrard, of Mifflintown. The Presbytery will remain in session for at least two days. This Presbytery was first organized in the "old log" church at Centre Hill, in Pennsvalley, in April, 1795, with nine members. It now numbers 47 ministers and 67 churches, with 10,000 communicants. It includes the territory embracing the counties of Bedford, Blair, Clearfield, Centre, Mifflin, Juniata and Huntingdon. The congregations under its care contributed during the past year about $75,000 for church and missionary purposes.

Pay Your Taxes.

Let every Republican voter who has not paid a *State or County tax within two years*, who has been assessed sixty days before the election, see that his taxes are paid on or before *Saturday, October 5th*. No Republican should disfranchise himself by failing to pay his taxes in time.

—Postmaster John P. Harris, C. E. Lyman and S. Woods Caldwell, Esqs., of Lock Haven, visited Bellefonte last Wednesday. Mr. Lyman is the Greenback candidate for District Attorney, and Mr. Caldwell will run for Senator on the same ticket.

—Barnum's show, which exhibited at Lock Haven last week, didn't dry up the Susquehanna or drive the fever and ague out of that place on account of its superior excellence.

BE YE LIKE FOOLISH.—"For ten years my wife was confined to her bed with such a complication of ailments that no doctor could tell what was the matter or cure her, and I used up a small fortune in hunting stuff. Six months ago I saw a U. S. flag with Hop Bitters on it, and I thought I would be a fool once more. I tried it, but my folly proved to be wisdom. Two bottles cured her, and she is now as well and strong as any man's wife, and it only cost me two dollars. Be ye like foolish."—H. W., Detroit, Mich. 38-2t

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

CONGRESS.

We are authorized to announce Robert Valentine, Esq., of Bellefonte, as a candidate for Congress, subject to the decision of the Republican County Convention and District Conference.

SHERIFF.

We are authorized to announce as a candidate for Sheriff, Austin Curtin of Boggs, subject to the decision of the Republican County Convention.

We are authorized to announce the name of JACOB C. WALKER, of Boggs township, as a candidate for Sheriff, subject to the decision of the Republican county convention.

COMMISSIONER.

We are requested to announce as a candidate for Commissioner, D. G. Ganoe, of Worth township, subject to the decision of the Republican County Convention.

WE are authorized to announce as a candidate for the office of County Commissioner, Andrew Gregg, of Potter township, subject to the decision of the Republican County Convention.

We are authorized to announce the name of S. H. Stover, of Boalsburg, Harris township, as a candidate for the office of Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Republican county convention.

Bellefonte Markets.

BELLEFONTE, Sept. 25, 1878.
QUOTATIONS.

White wheat per bushel	$ 90
Red wheat	90
Rye per bushel	45
Corn, cob	40
Corn, shelled	40
Oats new	20
Cloverseed	3 00
Flour, retail, per barrel	5 00@5 20
Flour, wholesale	4 50@4 75
HAY AND STRAW.	
Hay, choice timothy, per ton	$ 8 00
Hay, mixed, per ton	6 00
Long rye straw, bundled, per ton	6 50
Short straw per ton	5 50@6 50
PLASTER.	
Cayuga, ground, per ton	$ 9 00
Nova Scotia, ground, per ton	10 00

Provision Market.

Corrected weekly by Valentines & Co.

Apples, dried, per pound	5
Cherries, dried, per pound, seeded	
Beans per quart	8
Fresh butter per pound	20
Chickens per pound	6
Cheese per pound	16
Country hams per pound	12
Hams, sugar cured	16
Bacon	10
Lard per pound	8
Eggs per doz	12
Potatoes per bushel	70
Dried beef	20
Wilson's pressed beef per pound	25
Canned tomatoes per can	15
Lemons per doz	50
Dried sweet corn per pound	5
Small onions per quart	